

21ST CENTURY FOX
SPACE AGE PIMPING

BY
PARADISE

Century Fox

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By
Paradise

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Dedication

To those who are truly free. Who are masters of their living present, therefore the masters of their destiny and past.

Acknowledgement

This is the book I never had, and always wanted. I wish I'd been able to read it when I was seventeen.

I'd like to acknowledge all the thoroughbred hoes that unknowingly schooled me through Pimp kindergarten, Pimp University and beyond. Who gave me that personal tuition until I graduated with my PhD. Pimpin' hoes Degree.

Iceberg Slim has been of unspeakable influence to my life. Through his unparalleled skills as a writer, as a Pimp and as a man with soul.

Concrete respect to my brother from a different mother, The Kidd! The influence of his knowledge on mine speaks volumes by its presence, particularly in the "Procurement" section of the book. Through both our knowledge, others will cheat time too. It's all good.

Respect to El Bandido, the godfather of Pimp Network.

Finally, I wish to acknowledge the enthusiasm and respect I have received from my friends in the United States, Canada, Europe and my own county in England. My respect and enthusiasm are with you also.

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Preface

In an idyllic world, this book would not exist.

Who you are would take precedence over what you are superficially. People would place importance in being themselves with one another. Men and women would act with as much respect towards each other as they have for themselves. But let's flip back to reality.

Everyone I meet, I judge by their own actions and words. I treat people appropriately. I treat a true friend accordingly. I treat a hoe accordingly. And I can tell a hoe faster than I can boil an egg. Without hoes there cannot be Pimps. And without tricks there can't be hoes. Just a thought.

This book is simply a glimpse into part of my world. I have written it with two aims in mind. It is as much an examination of my own studies of human behaviour, psychology and my philosophies as it is a bible to someone who would want to use its contents practically.

It is intended to provoke thought, discussion, debate and innovation, rather than waste ink attempting to convert people to my viewpoint, glamorising, being self-important or treading water justifying myself defensively. So what some will acclaim to be the virtue of this book makes it less accessible to many. We're going to start off at the deep-end and then submerge down deep as the Atlantic Trench. The descent will be strange and uncomfortable to those who have never dived before, but fascinating to those with a little "Jacques Cousteau" in their blood.

So whether you are inquisitive, enjoy insight into someone else's mind, or wish to examine your own opinions - if only to confirm them - be my welcome guest and read on. But this book is for those who, like I, feel what we refer to as "The Force" flowing strong within them.

Introduction

*Explain the game? It's like talking astrophysics
to a motherfuckin' wino.
Rosebudd*

Being a 21st Century Fox is about getting what I want Behaviour wise, particularly materially, from certain members of the opposite sex in the real world. It's about Power. It's about being myself. It's about Pimping in everyday situations. Reversing game on hoes. Only doing it many, many times more powerfully.

The word Pimp is thrown about in mainstream society, usually with little or no reference to its true meaning. Misused as a boast for someone who has sexual relationships with numerous women, liars, con men, woman beaters, men of exceptional sexual prowess and low-down street scum. Or distorted by one- dimensional jokers with classic retro imagery of Cadillacs, fur coats and other wild paraphernalia. Pimps are also subject to unobjective coverage, negative stereotyping and misconceptions perpetuated through the media of film, news and music. Let me put it to you like this: If this coverage was applied universally, we would be told that all schoolteachers were child molesters and that the police were all corrupt, racist, drug-dealing Freemasons!

Substantial, real, contemporary information relating to the subject, if it does exist, is scarce. And that is exactly what you now hold in your hands.

Pimps can be found in cities all over the globe. Their means to their ends as individual as their personalities. A Pimp defined in a physical sense is someone who, regardless of their sex, race, age or method, receives money from a prostitute, a hoe.

When I define a Pimp, I'm coming from a mental aspect. I am referring to a skilled individual who possesses and executes knowledge on hoes, which results in desired Behaviour and financial gain. An effective manager. A master of counter manipulation. Now manipulation shouldn't be denoted as a negative term. I don't act deceptively, hurtfully, irresponsibly or unjustly. Its meaning is "to use skilfully, to manage a person or situation to one's own advantage." This is any employer or manager's role. It applies to most human interaction. In my eyes, a real Pimp is a man or woman who controls a hoe's mind, and therefore controls their money. Irrelevant of any other aspect of either person's life. This is what I call being a 21st Century Fox. The same game, applied in a legitimate context in my contemporary, everyday, mainstream society surroundings. I get the benefits of a Pimp mentality without the drawbacks of breaking the law. The best of each world. Some Pimps brutalise their hoes or hook them on drugs, but that isn't what makes them a Pimp. A woman doesn't have to stand on a corner or turn tricks to be a hoe. A man doesn't need to be an escort to be a hoe, right? Financial gains range from evenings out, holidays, favours or material gifts, to actual cash. Other benefits include dealing with numerous women at the same time, and living my life as I please. It's this psychology that I'm going to lay down for you. Anybody can control a woman's body. But the key is to control her mind.

A leader is a man who has the ability to get other people to do what they don't want to do, and like it. Harry Truman

Not only will I take you through my entire process of dealing with hoes on a practical level, rich with specific, genuine examples and anecdotes. I will lay down my fundamental principles, concepts, and the psychological reasoning behind them. Because of this, you will have insight into my thoughts and paradigms and see how they are concrete, backing up my actions. You will understand the Power and control that I possess over my hoes.

Most importantly, you will be able to tailor this knowledge to your own requirements, build on it and innovate. Every artist uses their own unique methods and styles to obtain their required result. Pimping is a living art form. I am still learning and innovating. A true Pimp never stops.

Everything you are going to read is only my opinion. The strongest opinion is one that is always open to question. A "Real Man" or woman follows his or her own conscience. I welcome debate, feedback, contribution to, and the questioning of all information herein. I want you to think about this shit!

Before you peel back the page, I'd like to say that arranging the contents of my mind into a logical sequential order of Copping, Tightening and Advanced Pimping has meant that many chapters overlap and interlock. So the book as a whole must be read in order for each of its units to be fully understood. Iceberg used to say that Pimping is like a watchmaker's art. Its simple outer results belie its intricate inner mechanics of innumerable wheels within wheels.

Being A Real Man

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and loose his soul?

Mark 8:36

Although Pimping results in shallow material gains, a master Pimp requires a deep understanding of the world and himself. He is at one with the tragic, yet beautiful "Laws Of Reality." He is a psychologist. He follows his own conscience and stays true to himself and other deserving people. He has strong principles, self-discipline and confidence. He knows what he desires. All of these virtues render him eminently desirable.

Before we get knee-deep in the practical side of Pimping, I'd like to give you a broader sense of some of my inner thoughts, perceptions, principles and objectives. They are as crucial as the foundations to the Petronas Towers. This will help you understand my writings better.

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. Robert Louis Stevenson

My name isn't Paradise just because I like those dark chocolate coconut bars! What does that word conjure up in your mind? Chilling, fabulously unstressed, grinning like a Cheshire cat on Egyptian cotton on the terrace of a villa your women friends have bought you? Surveying the flawless talcum powder beach that declines into rippling bubble-bath turquoise sea as you reminisce last night's party, packed with your best friends? Enjoying the sunrays soaking into the Hawaiian Tropic a Coca-Cola mamacita has massaged all over you with equal enthusiasm as she has for using her chequebook on you?

Now that's what I'm all about. Living each and every day of my life as close to my vision of paradise as possible. Moving to make tomorrow come even closer to it. Most importantly from an internal aspect, always enjoying the living present, relaxing, having fun, growing and being happy within. For instance, I have a forty- minute journey to work each day. I take advantage of it; enjoy the drive, take in the view, reflect, listen to music or audio books, just like I don't get angry at or try to change a woman from being a hoe. That's as futile and illogical as getting mad at the sun setting every night. I don't linger on the negative aspects of the universe. I use them to my benefit. All problems exist inside people's heads, not outside. The contents of many people's cerebrums don't acknowledge the Laws Of Reality, truths that we aren't taught at school, but they are as relevant to us as gravity. It's like they're driving around on the wrong side of the road.

Secondary to that, I externally surround myself with the best company and environments.

Lastly, and least importantly, I surround myself with the best material items. This ethos encompasses every aspect of my life. I never have and never will compromise on anything from hoes, to clothes, to toilet rolls.

My ultimate paradise will be when I have the financial freedom to use my time as I wish, to pursue my interests, socialise, have fun, travel, not to sell it to an employer. To have my money work for me - not me for it.

Because I'm all about making my world velvet, my relationships with women therefore must always be of a positive nature to these three ends. True friends enrich each other's lives in invaluable ways. Inner qualities are unique and priceless. Whereas hoes are only as precious as the money that they bring. And money has its value stamped on it. This is the only justification I have (besides minimal social reasons, since true friends are scarce) to allow hoes to deal with me. This philosophy, like the quote heading this chapter, is the definitive distinction between a hoe and I. My soul is not for sale. This is why a hoe's Power is like rubbing a couple of twigs together, whilst I should be wearing nuclear hazard stickers.

As soon as you look for genuine love, friendship or trust in a hoe, you are losing touch with reality. I've not put my heart on ice though. I'm sensitive and deep; I don't repress my feelings. I cry at the movies! It's *because* I'm so conscious, that a hoe is incapable of provoking deeper feelings in me. Remember: to hoes everyone is either a trick or a treat (a Pimp!). It's either, or. Therefore I have no hesitation putting my desires first and last when dealing with a hoe. I mean, she's already getting the treat of her life being in my presence - if I was a hoe, *I'd* want my number, you know! This management, this selfishness takes principles and confidence. If someone tries to coerce you to do something you aren't comfortable with, you should have no qualms about saying so. Hoes don't give respect, nor will they let you earn it like real friends would. It must be enforced.

Hoes value the fact that I don't bend over to please them, or coerce them. They are accustomed to spineless symps. I stand out. Although I can come across self- centred, which is common ground anyway, they know I'm just being real with them. That it's the truth. They're complimented I even spend time with them because I use my time how it serves me best.

What can be more desirable than a man who deals with more than one woman, is honest with them, and they still deal with him? The Kidd

A fool and his words are soon parted. Staying true to myself also includes the fact that I am honest, sincere and keep my word with people. I have come across many people not worth knowing, but never come across anyone "worth" lying to. This is how I have always been. It was something I always related with and admired about Pimps. People who are false pay the ultimate penalty. They waste their own lifetime. My time is not an unlimited resource!

Society is full of actors. Whether it's at work, socialising or pulling, it's all the same. Players, hoes and symps lie. A player might think he's slick having several women. But they like who they think he is. And he has to keep propping up his house of cards. Then, inevitably, the truth will make itself known and it will come tumbling down.

I always tell the truth and am a man of principles. My women respect me for it. They desire me. They believe in me. They trust me. If I told them that they needed to wear shades at night they would do. They know that anything I say is for real. Good or bad, it's all good. Deceit is a sign of weakness, insecurity, disrespect and fear. They believe I'm a demi-god.

There is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. Oscar Wilde

When someone is successful, especially in relationships and materially, it really brings the "haters" out of the woodwork. These are insecure individuals who want to put a spanner in the works, sprinkle salt in a Pimp's game, or try to latch onto me like a groupie.

When I see someone with a mint or gliding in a glossy Maserati, I'm happy for them. I'm glad they're successful. The world is a better place. It's cool to see. I'm inspired. A hater will look at my car and see not what I have, but what he hasn't got. He'll see his own fear and failure. He'll see me as a threat to him, sexually and egoistically. He's so insecure, he wishes everyone else was riding around in rusty buckets.

Because of this, I've been rumoured to be a drug dealer, an escort, materialistic, insecure, even a homosexual. Haters have the gall to say things like I acquired my car to pull women, I wear designer clothes because I'm trying to conform to an image and I think I'm a big shot. It's funny, because they're really talking about themselves! They're concerned with what badge people see on their car, not the feeling inside. They're the one shopping for anything they can afford with the largest, most blatant motif on it. They make their decisions in life based upon what society will think of them. Seeing me successful doing what I want, both socially and in business, hits a nerve. It rubs their peasant existence in their faces. What I bear in mind is that people only talk about you if you are "valuable." In the media, coverage of celebrities' personal affairs sells, especially if bad. The bigger the star, the more coverage. The more they try and squeeze a scandal or sensation out of the most mundane event. It's a barometer of one's success.

When someone doesn't like me, or I dislike¹⁷ them, fine, it's a big world. Better than wasting time pretending. No two people agree on everything. I don't seek approval, nor do I fear disapproval. A Real Man or woman follows his or her own conscience. I would rather be hated for who I am, than be loved for who I'm not. Loved by few, hated by many! Like The Kidd says, sometimes I look in the mirror and I even hate myself!

Confidence is the greatest aphrodisiac. Overconfidence is a turnoff. It must be handled like nitro.
Ice-T

I strongly believe in myself. I have a high degree of confidence and bravado. This enables me to be more Powerful, because in addition to the Laws Of Reality, insecurity and fear are the main deterrents preventing most humans from realising their true potential. Genuine confidence is balanced because it's free of insecurity. When you meet someone with low self-esteem they will appear and act over-the-top to try to compensate. Others will simply look and carry themselves under- confidently.

Insecurity is yet another reason a hoe is flawed compared to me. Although you'll catch me exclaiming things like I nearly wreck my car looking at my own ice, my feet are firmly on the ground. I know that there is someone for everyone, and everyone for no one. Consumer culture teaches the lemmings to look for happiness and affirmation of themselves exclusively externally. That everyone should like us, otherwise we're not cool. I don't over-rely on other people's approval to confirm my own value, although thousands of women can't be wrong! It's secondary to my own opinion. I'm sure you're familiar with a scenario where a friend is raving over an actor or actress, yet you don't know what the big deal is. So many people can't handle rejection. This truth seems perfectly logical and palatable if I use musical taste as a metaphor. To one person a CD may be a corker; the next person wouldn't use it as a coaster. Neither is right or wrong.

Child-like insecurity, envy, jealousy and possessiveness are also prevalent in society when it comes to sex and Intimacy. This is another blind spot for hoes. People can't handle the fact that you cannot "own" somebody. A person will always do what they want to, or lie (deception), or repress themselves (fear). Whereas my relationships are based on positive forces.

I asked one of my hoes one time how she viewed the fact that we had spent the previous night in a four- poster together, yet she knows several women date me. "Oh but you're single." She replied. Some think of me as their "toyboy." Another tells her girlfriends that "We're friends who sometimes kiss."

The way I operate is much like a single square person. A hoe has no say over what I do with my life or my body any more than I do over hers. When squares go on a first date, they aren't going to start tripping off who each other was last intimate with. It's irrelevant. Sexual activity is not the focus or basis of my relationships with hoes. It's quite the opposite! It's not really their business. But as with any good friends, I speak honestly and openly, according to how well I know them, if questioned about other women, intimacy, what I like about them or when we last saw each other. Jealousy is not a turnoff: It's a motivation.

Private victories precede public victories. If you want the secondary greatness of recognition, focus first on primary greatness of character. Stephen R Covey

The Balance Of Power

*Nothing has more Power over us than that which we
give it through our thoughts.*

Anthony Robbins

In the film of the same title, Neo first has to become conscious that the "Matrix" exists. Then he learns how it operates, how it is programmed, its rules, its flaws. It is only when he understands it, that he is able to use this knowledge to his own advantage. To overcome its mind-blowing scale, unlearn, adapt his psyche to it, manipulate it and do what he was previously conditioned to think was impossible. Leap buildings! Bend spoons! Dodge bullets! Walk through walls! Become invulnerable to the Matrix.

Likewise, to wake you up to a few essential fundamentals that enable me to Pimp, in the following essays I will begin to unravel some of what my American counterpart, The Kidd, refers to as "The Matrix" that's all around us.

Since younger than we can remember, we all have been constantly bombarded with information that influences our perceptions of relationships, Behaviour and protocol with the opposite sex. Whether it is tell-lie-vision, cinema, magazines, toys, music, observation of other people's social Behaviour, or advice from relatives. The whole world is telling women to Pimp and men to symp by conforming to these stereotypical images. In fact, women have been given a free licence to Pimp by society. It is socially acceptable for them to. If a friend of the same sex acted in the same manner with you, you would soon tell them where to go and what to do!

Females are conditioned to be comparatively vain, invest in themselves and pay attention to their appearance from childhood. The Matrix deters women from overtly promiscuous Behaviour via a jealousy system that will label them hoes and sluts, and via the influence of certain religions. In Christianity, for example, Mary's virgin birth is described as the "Immaculate Conception." Immaculate meaning perfectly clean, free from fault, innocent, therefore tainting sexual intercourse. Society's message to men seems to be to treat women with respect at all times. Mothers tell their daughters "Make sure he's got a good job." And is there a women's glossy that *hasn't* published an article on "How To Get A Rich Man?" Hoes and symps continually perpetuate that "ladies first" fallacy. Men are making the first move; offering drinks; wining and dining women; calling them up; chasing them; making up; buying jewellery; weekend breaks; on their knees proposing; not asking for prenuptials; throwing their jackets in puddles. Endeavouring to meet women's needs. Trying to prove their "love." Outright lying or paying for sex. Going to all kinds of lengths over women. But why?

Whatever you have heard about this being a man's world, forget it! When it comes to manipulation, women are gold medallists and men paraplegics. Who needs to own ninety percent of the world when the owner is your bitch? Who needs to be physically stronger when the law protects you? Who needs a seven, six, or even five-digit salary when some symp is going to do all the work for you and then let you spend it? Even ask you to spend it. And if you feel like splitting, you can take half of what they have earned with you. It is a stone cold fact that women have the winning knockout punch. Pussy. This, coupled with men's lack of sexual patience, is the single most influential factor in the Matrix. This means women are natural born Pimps, if they opt to be, and men are easily turned out into tricks, symps. No, actually they probably already were.

So generally, due to male desires and women's attributes, the female holds what I call the "Balance Of Power." She is in control.

The female is in more demand than the male. She can act passively and the male assumes a chasing role. Her Vanity spirals off into the stratosphere! Thus, she can kick that "What have you done for me lately?" shit and demand certain Behaviour. Anything from buying her a drink to monogamous or open relationships, stable career, restrictions on the man's social life, favours, children, generosity and gifts to not leaving the toilet seat up! Whatever they choose that has to be met before they will let a man progress with them. The male tries to qualify, conform to the female's demands in order that she accepts him. Then he can fulfil his desires.

However, I remove the aforementioned sexual impatience and I'm effectively pulling the plug on their Balance Of Power. Watch it drain down the plughole! It flows down the tube, straight into my tank! Now I'm not saying we're never going to crease sheets. Women want to have sex at least as much as men, but they get offered dick three hundred and sixty-five days a year. In fact by doing this, I'm heightening the hoe's desire for me, and eventually the hardest thing will be to keep her from indecently assaulting me. More on this later. A Pimp thinks with his head, a symp lets his dick make the decisions. I look at it from a business perspective. Sex is a like an occasional extra feature. A guy doesn't become a Haute Cuisine chef so that he can eat fantastic meals!

Now for the real knockout punch. Take the above strategy, keep it shut in that dark closet under the stairs, feed it steroids and growth hormones, mutate it, slap it about a bit and you get the real monster hoe Power drainer...

A true Pimp doesn't need a hoe for A N Y T H I N G. Not for money, sex, friendship, not emotionally, not anything at all.

This may seem paradoxical, as the classic Pimp image is that of someone who is dependent upon the income from his hoes, and receiving hoe's money is what the game is about. But this attitude is precisely what gives me the ability to Pimp. If I'm dependant on her in some way, then I'm afraid of losing her, meaning I'm afraid of the consequences of my actions, meaning I'm not in control of her. Where does the Balance Of Power lie? Would employees of a company conduct themselves in the same manner as they did previously, upon discovering that their employer could never dismiss them?

I love to be in a position where my hoes are able to support me well enough to sustain the life of a gentleman of leisure. But, for example, if I cannot support myself or visualise my life without a hoe, then they aren't dispensable to me like they should be. And how could I be dependent in any way on a gold-digging, deceitful, exploitative, materialistic, self-centred, untrustworthy, disrespectful, fronting, sexist hoe? I could bluff, front all I liked, but I would falter when she tested me out. Where true Power derives from is wanting her *if* she's cool with me, but not needing her if she's *not*.

Being relatively contented, indifferent, wanting, not needing all of the above things actually means I am more likely to obtain and retain them. Knowing this and seeing it happen in practice makes it all the easier. Also, once you have hoes you're already intimate with, you aren't in any big hurry to get with your latest fan.

Hoes are as unaccustomed to not having the Balance Of Power as much as men are to having it. The Balance Of Power can be given away in milliseconds. Milliseconds I tell you! Take symps staring at a woman's body for instance. Looking at a girl and she catches you from the corner of her eye? Zap! Winking, using over-familiar language and grinning at women. Zap! Turning your head to look. Zap! Not being able to defuse outrageous sexual advances nonchalantly. Asking them out. Glug, glug, out of your tank. The

most extreme example of a give-away that springs to mind is in a fantastic Pimping situation. Take these guys who travel to places such as Thailand. They are, by local standards, extremely rich. Their Clout is massive. They're prime hoe magnets. Even though they are in demand, they *still* pay hoes. So now hoes are hip that they possess the Balance Of Power and won't give them the time of day until they pull their wallets out. Symps are so retarded and unaccustomed to having the Balance Of Power that they just go ahead and bugger things up. There again, if it's my woman he's spending with, cool.

Possessing the Balance Of Power is fundamental. It's no coincidence that I have placed it at the outset of the book. It is of such paramount importance that most of the pages within this book are dedicated to keeping a hoe's tank on "E." Without it, you couldn't even Pimp a "Brewster's Millions" hoe.

We have been sold a dummy. And we did it ourselves, because we got stuck on the idea that Power over men was the solution. If we want Power and men are Powerful\ then the trick is to get Power over them. Simple. And stupid. Power & Sex, by Scilla Elworthy

When hoes exploit the Matrix, they are also subject to its inherent drawbacks. They rely on what is basically sex appeal, lust, to attract and "Fort Knox" a man. They have sought security and status instead of true friendship. They are only too aware that their Power slips away with every inch of fat, each fine line, every stretch mark, every grey hair, and if they are a single parent. That each day they draw closer to the menopause. Each year brings with it a new wave of younger, fresher competition. Tick, tick. That's why women spend so much on themselves (or get their symp to) on these creams, beauty treatments, health clubs, fat burning pills and surgery.

Men, on the other hand, benefit from higher average salaries and positions, have no menopause and rely less on their looks and sex to attract and hold hoes. As they age they become increasingly attractive due to them being able to provide an ever-increasing degree of security and stability, and being more mature minded... Sounds like ideal "daddy" material to me! These factors combined with hers can drive a hoe into a fit over him.

Unfortunately, few males are conscious of this gradual turning of the tide. Let alone want to become "rebel" lemmings and go against the grain. The masses would rather have their blue pill, eat their juicy steak and live and die blissfully oblivious, inside the Matrix. Few have the desire and ability to develop and utilise knowledge of how the Matrix is programmed to manoeuvre within it and accomplish their own objectives.

Now let's examine how I obtain and maintain the Balance Of Power, and break and bend The Matrix's rules...

The true lover of knowledge naturally strives for truth, and is not content with common opinion, but soars with undimmed²¹ and unwearied passion 'till he grasps the essential nature of things. Plato

Front

*A Pimp is only as good as his product. And his product is women.
You've got to go out there and you've got to get the best ones you
can find. And you gotta' work those broads like nobody's ever
worked ¹em before.
Film: Street Smart*

A woman will do anything for you if she likes you enough, and you handle her correctly. In order to master a hoe, a Pimp must first master himself (Being A Real Man) and then master desire. Iceberg said that a Pimp has an exciting aura of bravado and raw sexiness that would threaten even a nun's morality!

Hoe procurement is the most important thing there is to me. Copping is all about provoking hoes to make the first move, how I respond to them, and stabling them.

I've got to be walking hoe-bait. The following essays break down the motivational factors that magnetise hoes to me. There is not a person in the world that there isn't something that will break down their fronting. I don't care who they are. Even that silly hoe who wrote "The Rules."

We ail know hoes go for money, bottom line, but they will Choose someone for other, less potent reasons in addition to this. Knowing why a hoe is attracted to me means Power. It enables me to focus on Copping certain classes of hoe and understand how to manage them successfully. Particularly those with high Clout, for obvious reasons. The more of each of these virtues I possess, the more hoes will Choose me, the more Environments I'm effective in, and the less they will front.

"Front" can be defined as one's public image. Superficial appearance to others. Looks, car, clothes, jewels, personality, humour, intelligence, who and what one affiliates themselves with and so on.

Here, I'm going to break it down into my own science. What each Front factor consists of, and follow with an explanation of the circumstances in which each becomes a motivation to a hoe.

● **Wealth Front**

My Wealth Front hints at my true financial status, my Clout.

Forget the old Sprite adverts. Image is everything! If I look like everyone else, aren't I likely to be like everyone else? Immediately, visually, and from the first time that we speak, it is evident to a hoe that she is not dealing with someone normal or average in any way. I'm a walking question mark.

One thing I can telJ you for sure is that, *true to* stereotype, the four core things that make hoe's minds twitch when they see the light bounce off them are diamonds, fly watches, prestige cars, fly clothes. Someone who looks like they are exceptional. These same hoes that would otherwise be watching me as much as channel 5 are investigating me like MI5. I could complete a second volume of this book recounting to you tales of hoes transforming like Megatron from poker faced mutes into smiling speak-firsts after catching sight of my wheels. I have literally walked past hoes in the street, then a minute later when they spot me get into my ride, they grease my paint work and poke their snouts in the window. Some of them still attempt to

front and maintain their hoe code of silence. Don't worry; they notice on the sly. They get real, real curious until they do speak. And when they do, they're opening their brain's trapdoor to me. Like Dracula, I will, and can, only come in if invited.

I dress for first degree murder. I'm dapper each and every day, twenty-four-seven. Shoes as if they're from the box. My car's always shimmering like the Cote d'Azure. Silicone on the tyres. I don't get caught with my pants down. I like to look immaculate in every way. I can't have hoes out-dressing a Pimp now, can I? All my clothes are my "best" clothes. I like to wear smart but casual, or formal, but not dull, attire. I'm always dressed more formal than my hoes, 'cause, shit, I'm smarter than they are visually too. I put a hoe in her place without a single word. I have a lot of designer wear, but I don't shop by label. I make sure colours compliment my eyes and skin. I like clothes discretely labelled; it's the look, the quality that counts.

The louder the Front, the more appealing it is to the Low Clout hoes, whereas a more conservative and characteristic Front is more appealing to hoes with higher Clout, because those who have it flaunt more subtly. Entertainers, bands and singers offer brilliant examples of sensational and diverse Fronts marketed at different strata of society. They offer some serious studying material. Pimp Don "Magic" Juan had his own colour scheme: Gold for the honey and green for the money. His suits were tailored in those signature colours, his cars were decked out like that, he even dyed his hair gold - and I mean all his hair!

I let my image express my Clout and personality, and buy what's within my range. This way I will feel comfy and seem casual in it. Daily consistency with what I wear is essential. A Pimp isn't afraid to stand out from the crowd, but doesn't appear to be *trying* to be flashy or showing off. That's not Pimping, it's acting. This is a form of insecurity, you can't afford it and it will show. For example, if you wouldn't wear a watch often in case it got scratched, or if you wouldn't drive and park your car most places, you are concerned with its cost in relation to your Clout.

I invest my time and money in myself (Well, I'm not going to spend it on anyone else, now am I). The return I receive on it is when it makes more hoes want to invest in me. But I have these indulgences for myself, no one else. Liking them is the only reason I need to buy them. I wouldn't buy a Chupa Chup to pull a hoe, if I wasn't hungry! They're replaceable consumer goods, they ain't shit. Hoes are a bonus. I am of the opinion that one's car should be as dapper as one's appearance. Otherwise it is better not to have a banger and use taxis and, of course, hoes. Personal appearance should always be invested in most. Because I could, I got a fly watch years ago. Recently I acquired some ice. I had vowed never to have any carats unless a hoe sponsored them. Otherwise I would have concentrated on the other facets of my appearance until one did. The better I look, the more hoes will jock. Would you even give the time of day to some tramp-ass hoodrat who looks like she spends a hell of a lot more on food than she does on clothes? The more affluent I look, the more hoes look, the more confident I'll feel and this will also manifest itself in my personality. All plusses.

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● Emotional & Sexual Front

Although painting a picture of Wealth is the primary lure for the prey, a Pimp stands out in other aspects too. But the end effect is the same. To draw a hoe into that vortex of desire, flip her into that "I must have Paradise. No mountain too high. I'm his. I need to make him mine." hot pussy and purse insanity!

Apart from obvious physical and personal characteristics, it is impossible to isolate Sexual and Emotional Front. They are inextricably intertwined. For example, a smile enhances my Sexual attractiveness, yet also appeals in an Emotional way, since it puts someone at ease, and I appear a nice, settled, comfortable, person. Emotional rapport also invariably leads to Sexual attraction. So I have included them both under the one heading.

When I dress, I do so in front of full-length mirrors. A little narcissism doesn't do a Pimp any harm. There is no such thing as an ugly Pimp; there are just lazy symps.

Our inherited, innate physical appearance has relatively little bearing over our Sexual attractiveness. Humour me for a moment and picture in your mind the most physically unattractive, vulgar member of the opposite sex you can imagine! I know it's not pleasant, but go wild on it, make them as absolutely horrible as possible! Do it now, before you continue reading. What *really* turns you off this person? You will have had to have added the most unattractive physical characteristic in the world: Poor hygiene. It's the ultimate turnoff because not only is it disgusting, but it prompts you to subconsciously imagine (or try not to) the vulgar state that their *sexual* hygiene and health must be in. Therefore my "Law Of Opposites" states that I must be extremely disciplined about maintaining a high level of personal hygiene. An immaculate appearance subconsciously conveys this, so does physical fitness. They are the most Powerful Sexual assets in the world. Cleanliness is close to godliness. I work out regularly and eat properly. Neither is fully effective at shaping one's body without the other. I get my hair cut without fail every few weeks. Manicure weekly, floss daily, use whitening toothpaste, make use of the cologne my hoes donate, and maintain my tan. Even neaten my eyebrows, which used to be a little wild, and get my shoulders waxed if I'm going to the beach. I try to ensure I get adequate sleep each night. My demeanour, my body language, voice, posture, gestures, facial expressions, they all exude confidence, contentedness, class, success, a certain specialness and Sexuality, to provoke women's curiosity. Want to know me more. Desire me, make a move and want to make me theirs. To ensure that they treat me like a king and spoil me like a kid.

I speak with a calm, rhythmic pace. When one talks unhurriedly, one's voice becomes deeper, calmer, sexier, relaxing. It stinks of Power. My vocabulary is extensive, I swear less than hoes, I'm knowledgeable, especially concerning life and relationships. I'm an expert communicator, half of which is listening well. It's excellent etiquette to allow others to speak freely, never interrupting. It shows intelligence, control, respect and interest. I often confirm understanding and my interest as the other person talks by nodding, or giving "verbal nods." Besides, if I make up my mind what I'm going to say before the other person finishes, how can I be taking in everything they say? I'm truly interested in understanding people. Them being aware I'm thinking about all that they say shows that. This, the fact I pose sentences people have said as questions and I use open and closed questions allows a hoe to open up to me, and allows me to control things easily, and be valued.

Wherever I am, in a shop, nightclub, park~~4~~or restaurant, I don't feel intimidated by my surroundings; I have as much confidence as their proprietor would have. I'm sat as comfortably and relaxed as I would be in my own home, stroll around confidently, feel at ease calling a hoe over and talking to her.

I don't walk around looking as if I've been recently diagnosed with a terminal illness. I'm Paradise. The expression on my face reflects that I'm contented, confident, happy and enjoying life. I

smile or look happy all the time, but I don't grin at hoes. I was already happy before we spoke, not because we spoke.

Happiness in itself is attractive. No one wants someone stressful or stressed in their lives. They want to add happiness. People look more attractive when they're smiling. "He has a nice smile. Why is he so happy? He looks fun. His life must be cool. He seems nice. He's always smiley, I wonder why he's never unhappy?"

Because every day of my life is as close to paradise as it can be, girl. Because I always saw green binary code around me, not the Matrix. Because right now, as you're gazing at me, at least eight or nine other women are thinking of me. Because I can see you dazzled, frozen like a rabbit in my ice headlights, girl. And you're going to get me some more rocks and carats - and that's for real like the shit on my wrist, girl. So, it isn't hard to be a smiling motherfucker, see!

One thing I've adapted from Pimp's and hoe's provocative repertoires, is ensuring my tongue is a little more evident. Now this doesn't appear as conscious, contrived. I'm not slowly, overtly, licking my lips like they're made of Ben n' Jerry's every other minute, but it can be done in a subtle, innocuous manner whilst talking. This can range from an almost undetectable glimpse when pronouncing words containing "th" to a more conspicuous slight lip-wetter in-between sentences, as if they're parched.

On a personal level I'm deep, I'm interesting, I'm fun. I'm a Real Man. I know that experiences and feelings are more valuable than anything material. I'm myself and I develop myself. Vary and pursue my interests. Borrow books regularly from the library. Travel abroad and domestically. Participate in activities that I have been wanting to do. I might bump into a few hoes at the same time. Better still, I might bump into someone who isn't.

Although a Pimp doesn't fall in "luuuurve" with his hoes, he is more in touch with their Emotions than anyone. He has a "direct fine" to their feefmgs, *material* or Emotional aspirations, hurts, thoughts, soul, strength and fragility. It's just the whole vibe you have. It's intangible, it's difficult to elaborate on. She can really converse openly and deeply with me. It's like I've got that red bat-phone her Emotions dial, but it's a premium rate number. This is the composite result of the character and integrity of "Being A Real Man", what is detailed in "Incoming Calls" and the vibe I explain deeper in "The Other Level." This is one of the most powerful things about a Pimp. It means that no one else can out talk you. You can steal her mind. Not many people really understand this.

Someone who doesn't find you attractive has higher standards than someone who does. What you can't have you cant resist. Paradise & Film: Cruel Intentions

Finally, as part of Emotional Front, we come to my "Vanity" theory. I believe that all humans seek approval in the most valid way that they can obtain it. Reassurance of their bare, naked self, Sexually and Emotionally. Confirmation and nurturing of their own Vanity.

Many people spend staggeringly inordinate²⁵ amounts of money and time on their external Vanity. Humans expose their physique, even in public, to a much greater extent than their true persona. We expose our persona to varying degrees, *never fully*. *Validation of personality* and physique occurs in two basic forms. In a submissive aspect where someone will do anything for you, tells you that you're the nicest person in the world, no one is more beautiful, they would do anything for you and sympathises with your needs.

Your shit doesn't stink to them, which motivates you to crosscheck this sooner or later if you're not in touch with the Laws Of Reality.

The second way is when someone you perceive to be equal or superior to yourself, to have discerning taste and standards, assess you in a way that is fair, realistic and carries weight. Someone to aspire to. Someone who doesn't go out of their way over you. A person who doesn't find you particularly attractive must have higher standards than someone who does, yes?

If the best-dressed person in the club compliments you on your appearance, your Vanity would be affected differently to if a person with chessboard teeth and compost breath approached you and said they liked your aftershave. A guy who trys it on with every female may flatter a woman for a few seconds, but in the back of her mind she knows dogs rub up people's legs when they're desperate. Whereas I don't need to wear out my jaws for a hoe to feel complimented.

I'm not sat eating with my mouth open. I speak three languages. Have known women all over the globe. I've worn nothing but silk and RL socks next to my body since seventeen. My saliva isn't stringing to the floor when women strut by. I'm greeted by name, offered refreshments in Gianni Versace. I'm not walking around with my head down, slouching. I'm taken world-wide by hoes, like MasterCard. I'm intelligent, and deeper than a hoe can fathom. I know what a "Grande Cru" Champagne is. My taste is reassuringly expensive like Stella Artois, you know what I'm saying?

I appeal to hoe's egos. I'm unlike anyone else. I'm like a demi-god to them. And a god could never fuck with anyone but a goddess. So hoes should be flattered if they even get to speak to me. Three words should always be flapping around in a hoe's cranium: "Am I worthy?" My stable know I don't compromise on anything in my life. Women feel honoured, privileged to be in my company. Hey, I'm only repeating what I hear! Around New Year's Eve they were asking me if they could still see me in the next year. They appreciate that

I have allocated a window in my precious time to allow them to take me out. That they can be in my presence. They value the fact that, despite having many "best" female friends, they can still audition. They find just that more complementary than anything most guys could ever say to them, do to them, or do for them.

A hoe's Vanity is also catered for by my Front when she walks into a room with me, she knows that she's next to the best man there. The best dressed man. The most intelligent man. The sexiest man. More fly than J R Hartley. Harder to catch than a unicorn. The man a busload of the other hoes in the place are wishing they were with. She feels superior to other people through her association to me. Hoes like to feel that they are in the best, most exclusive company. They also suckers for what others think of them, status. Which brings us to Clout.

Clout

*When you get the money, you get the power. And when you
get the power, you get the women.
Film: Scarface*

Clout is a hoe's sole dominant motivation. Oxygen is a close second.

Whereas Front is image and appearance, Clout is what I am. Actual Wealth, Power, status, position. *Ker- ching!*

Two guys roar around in sports cars, flexing deep- frozen watches, flashing around obese wallets, plastics named after precious metals. One has debts to the ceiling, credit cards at their limits and is paying the minimum each month. He rents a cramped, one bedroom flat. You get the picture. The other has no mortgage on his house, no finance on his car, savings. Spends two months a year abroad. Both of their Wealth Fronts are equal, but there is a great disparity in their Clout.

Clout is like a smart bomb. It kills off all competition. It's far more important than *any* Front. Hoes like someone fit, good looking, deep, funny, but it helps if you are financially stable. Hoes jock large Clout, full stop. Irrelevant of six-packs, stand-up comic skills, or if you can make them pass out in bed. A hoe will always "upgrade" to someone with superior Clout or with huge Potential. She may want to indulge her Sexual and Emotional sides, but they are comparatively insignificant, non-essentials.

Front gets, Clout keeps. The Kidd

Do you see male actors, politicians, sport celebrities, musicians, royalty, company directors and executives stuck for dates, wives or mistresses? Cast your eyes over the last generation of actors and actresses. How many of each sex have undergone some kind of cosmetic

surgery as they reach old age? How many divorcees from celebrities revert back to their unknown maiden names?

Some people fortunately have inherent Clout. Prince William. Do you think if William was born a nobody and sold the Big Issue down town that bitches would batter an eyelid? Don't tell me if you made a hit record, or starred in the latest blockbuster, "long lost" friends wouldn't suddenly jam your phone line. That those women who treated you as the invisible man, who never had time to yap wouldn't instantaneously develop eyesight and conversational skills. That you wouldn't receive fan mail from women who didn't even know you.

When a hoe asks me what I do, what I drive, or if I live with my parents, she's not making conversation. The answer will determine whether she is "cool" with me, or if she goes into heat, goes all out to pull me and tie me down like Gulliver.

*[Hoes] are like monkeys. They won't let go of one branch
until they have hold of another. Film: Mission Impossible²⁷*

2

To conclude my description of Front and Clout, I shall now demonstrate how I use this knowledge practically. The best way to determine motivation is to look at what a hoe does and doesn't have in her life. Not at how she's interacting with me.

For instance, I know that if a hoe with higher Clout than I Chooses me, her primary motive with me has to be Emotional, Sexual, or both. Unless she sees mad Potential in me.

Hoes with less Clout than I will go into convulsions over a gleaming, ostentatious, lavish Front. They're going to be dazzled by my lifestyle, places I travel to, things I've done, names, my Wealth Front and Clout. However ones with higher Clout aren't too concerned about how much ice I'm wearing in the same, hungry way. They've already got the T-shirt. They're looking at me from a more Sexual and Emotional viewpoint, see. They may like the ice, the watch aesthetically and find me attractive in my clothes. But they're thinking of me in the emperor's new clothes. They want to just do it like Nike. Or they're on an Emotional trip, they've got that feeling inside like Lexus. This doesn't change the fact that Clout is a hoe's primary motivation in life.

A classic example of this would be someone whose career position is senior to mine, who normally wouldn't even consider someone below her level. Or a hoe attached to an accountant, attorney, doctor, or MD. She has put herself in those "golden handcuffs." Clout is the only key that will unlock them. Some hoes will have straight snared the symp with the largest Clout they could find to take them down the isle. He could be a twenty stone ogre, in his sixties, with the personality of a traffic warden. She's still going to be signing those cheques and card slips "Mrs Ogre." Any Emotional or Sexual virtues he happens to possess are merely a preferable bonus to her. Other hoes will slightly downgrade on Clout in order to get someone fun or handsome. But as long as they place Clout in the equation, they're hoeing.

So her symp may be friends with her, but they're not Sexually compatible (this will actually undermine their platonic friendship anyway). Or they may hit it off in bed, but Emotion is missing (the absence of Emotion will undermine Sexual gratification, creating another void in her life). Should they hit all three Front, plus Clout, then of course, she's not going to be looking around in a hurry. Unless a man has double the Clout of her husband.

So a hoe normally creates these voids in her life by her very own nature, whilst paper-chasing. They often try hopelessly to patch over the Emotional gap by attempting to form closer friendships with their girlfriends, siblings, parents or focusing over-intensely on their children. They're starving for good Emotions and Emotional Sex, and Sexual attraction and mind-blowing Sex. One is never far behind the other. Now this is where, between their symp and I, they can realise their ultimate fantasy, whether they are aware of it or not. All three Front and Clout.

need worry about is where to go." They say it's the sweetest thing that didn't come in a wrapper.

As you now see, one doesn't *need* platinum cards to attract rich hoes. You don't necessarily have to go to New Bond Street, have more rocks than Whitby Bay, or a five-figure car, just as long as you have your own distinctive, chic vibe. It could be loud n' proud, rugged, kind of cultural, spiritual, business-like, or conservatively understated elegance. And one doesn't *need* to be physically fit to attract poorer hoes. I want to make the point that anyone can Pimp, irrelevant of them being fat, thin, shy, outgoing, rich, poor, or having a scarred face. But if you're not a Real Man, interesting, happy, or immaculate, you're in trouble. Whatever a Pimp's status, personality, or weight, he can apply logic to his own virtues and utilise them in the most suitable Environments, on the most eligible hoes. Obviously the more Front one has, the more effective scope and versatility.

A poor but defined, sexy, friendly and deep gas station attendant, fitness instructor, or gardener in an affluent area of town is in a good position to be Chosen by a decent High Clout hoe. She is likely to see him when solo, under relatively informal circumstances, will already be interacting with him, and will see him repeatedly, which is important to manifest her desire for him.

If I want a budget hoe, I can cruise through my local council estate with the windows down and hey presto... I hear the young hoes, "Hey! I like your car. Take me for a ride?"

I was never the best looking, nor the best. Among my contemporaries there were fabulously beautiful people. And I had to have an edge. My edge was always class. Iceberg Slim

A hoe isn't going to Choose me for longer than it takes for her to come to her senses, if I've not got the Clout and she's in the frame of mind where she's wanting to dump her symp. This truth used to fox me when I was years dumber. I've had hoes highly, and I mean ineffably, Emotionally obsessed with me, unable to concentrate at work, because I'm on their mind. Saying they're going mad as hatters, they're going to split, leave their businessman who flies all over the world or an accountant for a big corporation, and get their own house. Then they can see me more, they could spend more weekends with me. Then these same hoes who'd write me emails by the metre, texts by the phone memory full, and call until their batteries wear out would sometimes Bolt. I sensed it was going to happen, but it mashed my head thinking about it.

This clear Front analysis took me a few relationships to suss. I would think to myself "One day I'll figure out why things transpire as they do. There have to be logical Laws by which these things are governed. When I understand what forces are at work here, I'll be more powerful than the rear end of a space shuttle. I'll be armed and dangerous!"

The key is: She's going to be around me forever if she is in the frame of mind where she understands she doesn't need to pick between Clout and Emotion and Sex. I may need to Package this to her. All she needs to do is add positive things to her life. To the ones she already has. She can have them all without any drama, divorce or removal vans. She's not got a dilemma in her hands. Just my paper. I'm not interested in making her abandon her money-maker, I'm not interested in having a square relationship with her. I'm not interested in trying to satisfy a hoe's Clout (only in helping her improve her own, in a Management aspect, detailed later). As long as she doesn't feel like she's jeopardising her Clout, she's wide open to what she doesn't have. So it isn't rocket science to figure how we're a combination. I tell them I'll be the best friend they ever had, if they treat me right, but I can never be anyone's boyfriend. I tell hoes "As long as you're good to me, all you ever

Environment

*I'm only as good as my competitor is bad.
Stephen R Covey*

If I can be seen, I can be Chosen. If I can be Chosen, I can Pimp.

I don't hermit around at home all week. I get some exposure. The more women who see me, the more will be able to Choose me. My friends and I often prefer to socialise out rather than visit each other's houses. This means we look more interesting, relaxed and content when in clubs and bars, because we're busy talking and not there to pull.

It's sensible to be an irregular rather than a regular at nightspots and such places. About fortnightly is sufficient to do this. This has a triple benefit. I'm catching a hoe's eye repeatedly, yet reducing fronting by not constantly being there. I also cover more territory, see more places, more places see me.

At clubs, the pool, the beach, and in the street, my Sexual and Wealth Fronts will draw the hoes. At work, social occasions, classes, on the net and in most sports - informal interactive Environments - my Emotional Front has more opportunity to attract.

Preferred and most successful Copping Environments vary from Pimp to Pimp, place to place. Every gentleman of leisure has their own favourites that their individual Front works best for them in. For some reason, I have always had women speak to me in supermarkets. Because my wheels are tight, hoards of hoes give me blatant signals in car parks, or in a late night eatery I have a habit of frequenting just after the pubs close. I pull my time machine up nearly in front of the door. That's like pick n' choose time for me! Hoes in bars and pubs still make themselves known, but front more. Especially in groups of three or over (applicable to any Environment). Hoes love an audience to act in front of. Plus they may be intoxicated. My particular least effective Environment is Clubs. It's usually friends of friends who make moves on me in them. People are usually going out to Front when they hit the club on a Friday night. From how they dress to how they act.

Networking is a valuable Copping tool to a Pimp, because Emotional and Sexual Copps are facilitated through informal contact. A male or female I'm just cool with, a relative, even parents, may unwittingly introduce me to my next hoe. Dinner parties and barbecues are informal, yet there are always new faces. Pimps can even help each other by getting their hoes to refer their girlfriends to other Pimps. Now that's beautiful!

The standards that Front and Clout are measured by in each location and situation are set by the following factors that The Kidd devised. These are useful to bear in mind when planning to go to a club, mall, supermarket, park, beach, or to grab a snack. Pimps never adapt to their hoes or Environment like players do. Our principles are unwaivable. If the conditions aren't favourable, I migrate to greener pastures.

● Other's Front & Clout

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I have a sports car, designer clothes, a decent watch, reasonable career, immaculate appearance. When I'm rolling through small towns and council estates, girls holler. If I pull up outside a club, my machine is the best in the parking lot. Heads swivel. When I go inside, I'm dressed dapper, I stand out like a reggae band at a Klan rally. I'm at the top of the food chain. Hoes will wonder what I do and if I'm too out of their league to step to. Hoes will be itching to cut

into me. Others in the club around me haven't got that level of Front or Clout.

Whereas driving in Kensington or pulling up to a club in the city, I'm next to Jags, Mercedes, Lexus, Porches, Martins, Bentleys, BMWs and Ferraris. And when I'm inside, Til probably look so-so. I might look worth robbing, but the person standing next to me might have more ice than fast food restaurant drinks on him. His bank book might look like a phone directory. I'm a small fish, surrounded by big-timers, executives, celebrities. Who's going to look? It's all about who else is around. They set the precedent for my Front and Clout. I'm only as good as my competitor is bad.

● **Demographics**

We're talking supply and demand. The ratio of men to women is an important factor.

If the area I am in has three men to every woman, the climate encourages heavy symping. Women will have choice. Men will be making the moves. All hoes will be seen to be mintas because there just aren't that many of them. The hoes will be real choosy, as they're getting offers left right and centre.

I really want to go for an Environment where females outnumber males. Men will be at a premium. Ever been in that situation? The hoes will be competing for me, no effort on my part. Most men don't take real advantage of such an opportunity.

Choosing

*A hoe can either Choose me or loose me.
Paradise*

Take a college student; we'll call him Simon. He's infatuated with a classmate. He can't remove his eyeballs from her when she's around. He's projecting all his desires onto her personality, as he doesn't really know her. He's certifiably crazy about her.

Because he is eager to impress, Simon jumps to "lend" Claire some money when she asks him. He often buys lunch for her in the refectory. Pretends to be interested in subjects that she is. Tries to like the same music as her. Persuades his friends to go out with him to a club that Claire frequents. Offers her lifts, as she doesn't drive. Gives her a driving lesson. Allows her to smoke in his car. Claire tells Simon that he's nice and flirts with him at the time, when he does something kind for her, but things never progress.

One day, as graduation nears, Simon finally makes a move and expresses his true feelings to Claire. Her reaction is at best sickly sweet, "That's really nice. I'm flattered, but sorry no. Let's just be friends, hey." Or worst, well suffice to say that she pulls a face like she tasted some Marmite and tells him to do something physically impossible.

He wasted months gathering the confidence to ask her out. Because he was focused on her, he missed several real prospects whilst he was in his warp. He then consumed more of his time and money as he set about trying to impress her, hoping that his artificial Behaviour would make her become attracted to him. He tried to become the sort of person that he presumed Claire *wanted, forfeiting hiss own life*, and development: as a man.

By adhering to a simple principle, he could have avoided that and any kind of distantly related situation.

There is simply no logic in Choosing someone who is not Choosing me. First a hoe has to "Choose" me, be attracted to me, before I can consider her at all.

I will describe how I deduce this subsequently. It is the key to minimising time and energy wasted. It's my filter. It means no longer is pulling based on irrelevant assumptions, a guessing game or game of chance. "If I speak to ten women, at least one will be down. Once a model went for me, so she's not as fit, she should like me. She's married. Has a boyfriend. She says she doesn't like me." Or, "I had better let her know I like her otherwise nothing will ever happen."

Because I can smell attraction, I'm exclusively selecting from and dealing with women that are already consciously or subconsciously jocking me. I know that they're interested without any lame talking to them or asking around.

The masses plugged into the Matrix are seriously out of touch with this principle. A woman is not going anywhere unless she Chooses to. She's either in that frame of mind or not. Therefore I have no qualms about my best friend's woman Copping me if she is Choosing me. Or mine Copping him. I don't believe that any third party₃₂ can "break up" a relationship. See, there is no such thing as someone "stealing" someone else's woman. I'm happy for anyone who finds their relationship fulfilling. But women aren't property.

This kind of ignorance used to result in far out shit such as pistols at dawn! Nowadays people still stupidly fight for one another's attention, be it physically, sexually, beauty wise, personality wise or with money. Now this is what I love my hoes to do with me. But I'm outside the Matrix. I could never go out of my way over a hoe. I'm true to myself. A hoe can either Choose me or loose me.

Ignoring the Choosing principle pumps up the sought person's ego and compromises mutual respect. Once someone takes the step of attempting to make another Choose them more than they actually do, the process of exchanging false Behaviour in the hope of gaining affection, sex, money, whatever, begins. The seeker is being deceptive, therefore cannot fully respect the sought. The sought knows, or eventually realises this. The sought may take advantage of this fact and manipulate the seeker to get what they want too. Both parties have usually been doing that from day one.

When one party is trying to realise their needs by compromising mutual respect there are only two things the other should do. Terminate the relationship and find a true friend - good luck! Or else decide that the exchange rate between what they want and what they will have to compromise in order to get it is acceptable. Then continue in order to obtain what they want from each other.

You will note that I will occasionally refer to subconscious attraction. By this I mean that a woman can start considering Choosing me and not even be consciously aware of it. It can take time before what's manifesting in her subconscious becomes a conscious thought that she is aware of. It can take a lot of pressure, a lot of question marks and desires mounting before the dam between the rear and front of her brain busts.

*Only peasants seek security in the passions of the heart. Trick
Baby> by Iceberg Slim*

Now on to one of my favourite Matrix, "Simon Says" traditions. Marriage. If people were honest, they wouldn't promise to be each other's until death parts them.

In reality, if in two days or ten years they are no longer Choosing each other, they would be wasting one another's life if they did not split. Yes, I agree that people can *feel* like they could spend forever with each other and could *do* so. Except it's conditional on them continuing to get along. Change is as certain as death and taxes. Everyone changes over time. Why did they get together and feel like that in the first place? You don't decide you like someone and it's, "They lived happily ever after." Liking someone isn't a decision that you can resign yourself to. It's an opinion that is formulated each hour, every day, every week, every year.

People often use the tradition of a marriage ceremony as a means to try and fool themselves around this Law Of Reality, and to obtain a "secure future" with another. Often meaning a secure financial future. If people are deterred from ending relationships by fear, legalities, finances, children or other people's opinion, then yes, it will help keep them under the same roof. The truth is the biggest, purest compliment you can have is for someone who is entirely free to go any second, actually Choosing to be with you every moment that they spend in your company. This is how my women and I are. My relationships have always been based on positive forces. Desire, honesty, respect, happiness, not fear.

Evidence

As a mack you have to listen with your eyes.
K-Flex

Proper use of observation allows me to distinguish between a prospect and a dead horse with ease. With time and practice, these skills have become second nature to me. I suss people out real quick. I see straight through any bullshit and fronting. It's like I'm that guy in "What Women Want." No kidding. This coupled with my understanding of human nature, psychology and Behaviour means, even more Powerfully, I always know far more about a woman than she tells me. I can prophesise the future actions and reactions of hoes.

Observation adds logic, knowledge and therefore confidence to my game. I know who's Choosing me, which means I know which hoes I can Choose from. I'm not dependent on them to confirm their attraction to me. I don't need to ask around. I never look desperate. It also helps me to be patient. Knowledge is Power alright.

Wherever I am, whatever I'm doing, I'm prepared to Copp. Pimping isn't a part time job. It's a mindset. I don't specifically go out to copp. Although I take Environmental factors into account - I want the best odds - I do what I want to do. It will happen eventually. I could be in a club, restaurant, street, pub, library, gym, shopping centre, petrol station or at the beach. I may be talking to her to order a meal or we may have never traded words, it doesn't matter. There are basic Behavioural patterns that I class as "Evidence."

If a hoe is attracted to me, she won't be able to help placing herself in my proximity, or taking a position from which she can gander at me. A girl leans up to the bar near me when most of the bar is free. She walks past me to put something into the bin when there is one closer to her. Asks me for a light when I'm not the nearest person to her. Stands facing my direction whenever using the photocopier. Faces me when chatting to people in my vicinity. Turns around the longest way. That kind of thing. Of course, it can translate into a thousand situations.

Hoes don't get my attention. They seek it. I allow women to appreciate me without the interruption of confrontation. Reciprocation, interaction, is not imperative in order to be desired and obsessed over. Entertainers are some of the most fantasised about people in the world. I stroll and drive sloooow, to allow the hoes to get an eyeful. Giving them time to enjoy the view, make a move, and me the time to collect Evidence. But I'm not wandering around, driving or sat looking over my shoulder like some symp, openly scanning the place. I'm not watching tennis. I look where I'm facing. I would walk past Medusa as if she were invisible. I never lower my eyes submissively, I look beyond the hoe. I act like I have blinkers on, like I have tunnel vision. But I am aware of my surroundings; I might catch a head turning in my peripheral vision. If a hoe is Choosing me in a slower Environment such as a club or at work, she will eventually manoeuvre herself into my field of vision. If I can see her, she can see me. A glance, a stare that lasts that bit longer. She looks once, twice, I pay no mind. She looks five, six

times, I take note. The quieter the surroundings, the stronger the Evidence.

The first thing you want to do is set up a base of operations. Sit yourself down somewhere and remain stationary. Fight the temptation to explore your surroundings. That makes you look hungry. Trust me, if a bitch likes what she sees, she will put herself in your perimeter. Just make sure you are sitting somewhere highly visible. Be the first one in the club to get a good seat if you have to. What you want to keep an eye out for is what I call a perimeter breach. The Kidd

There is close range Evidence too. Women have less white in their eyes and better peripheral sight, their eyes being wider apart. So it's easier to notice hoes looking when they're near. The positive side to this is that I don't need to be in a hoe's face for her to spot me. She exclaims things aloud to herself when near me. She initiates conversations, smiles at me, or says hi first. Because I won't be! In a supermarket she might remark about something I have picked off the shelf. Stutters if put under any pressure. Asks me my name. Probes my Clout. Opens up a lot about herself. Goes all quiet, but not "bored" quiet. Plays with her hair, necklace, ring, pen, or fidgets with her mobe or any objects incessantly when in my presence. Messes with her hair like she has fleas. When she's looking at me or we're chatting, her neck artery swells or her pupils saucer under daylight conditions. Goes out of her way to do something for me. Tactileness. Places her elbow next to mine, sits close. Touches my arm. Molests my hand when she puts change into it. Rests her foot on my stool leg. Any invasion of my personal space. I don't take that friendly nudge as nothing. It gets added to the Evidence.

There may be other reasons behind her Behaviour. She may be interested in the person next to me. A waitress might flirt to obtain a tip. She may prefer to sit where she is. Over time, I can gather Evidence, strengthen Evidence and build my case. I may sit somewhere else in the club for a change and observe if she reacts. Sit at a different table in the restaurant and see if she still serves me. Position myself so that her view of me is obscured and watch if she leans back or cranes her neck. Observe and compare how she interacts with other people. Does she go around beaming at everyone? Obviously I can see if they're the kind of person who flirts and is generally physical or not. If so, the value of that particular nature of Evidence depreciates accordingly.

The value of Evidence is also determined by the length of our contact and if we are likely to meet again. This afternoon a woman approached me in a car park, not in my hometown, asking if I wanted her ticket that still had an hour left on it. In that surprise situation I had to quickly assess any possible Evidence. I only required the slightest, as my contact with her would have been mere seconds.

Did she choose to approach me instead of somebody else nearer to her? Couldn't she see the ticket displayed in my window next to her? Did she say anything else less formal? In this instance, her face read like a child's first book, she couldn't conceal her excitement as she smiled and her wide blinking eyes kept catching mine like I had tractor beams.

*Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts.
Charles Maurice De Teileyrand*

People would rather have us listen to what they're saying than trust our observations of facts, of what they are actually *doing*. Wedding rings, talk of boyfriends, husbands, someone they're after, being in love, never being unfaithful, or wanting to be just friends are not indicative of a hoe's mindset. What people say is simply what they want you to hear. Hoes spend most of their waking hours fronting reeeeeeal good. Most men wouldn't *believe* what's going on in these nonchalant women's minds. I'm sure hoes think they'll drop dead if they totally cease fronting, like sharks do if they stop swimming. I watch actions. When a woman walks past me, smiles and purrs "Hi." she's not saying it to exercise her jaw muscles. It does sound presumptuous to assume that, because a member of the opposite sex speaks to me first, or feels up my hand when handing me coins, she's Choosing me, but it usually is the case. It's highly incriminating Evidence. Believe me. Do you really think she walked around the corner and said hi to the next person that she passed? This is tried and tested. I have always found I'm correct, sometimes only minutes or hours, sometimes days or months after, when the hoe stops fronting and makes her move.

The Law Of Reciprocation

*A good boss always gives them just enough to keep
'em coming, but not enough to stop them coming.*

Paradise's Grandfather

The Law Of Reciprocation states that I should Reciprocate as little as possible up to a maximum of twenty five percent in respect of hoe's physical and verbal Behaviour if they will see me repeatedly. Up to a maximum of fifty percent if they aren't likely to see me again.

The reasons for the Law are numerous. To entice a woman and heighten her desire. To ensure and encourage that *she* pursues *me*. To eliminate time wasters who are just seeking a little ego boost. To add mystique. To maintain the Balance Of Power.

When a minta with more features than my car walks down the street or enters the room, all the symps are openly leering at her curves and elbowing their mates. All the other women in the vicinity notice this too. She sees it all every day. She knows they are just going off her looks. She knows what they want. How can you really like someone until you know them? I haven't even glanced at her.

Me, my approach is, well, she looks okay, that's only one thing, I don't know her. To me a small, nevertheless important part of attraction is physical appearance. The greater part has always been how a person *is*, what they're like on a personal level. Now I'm not detracting from physical beauty at all. What I'm saying is that if a woman is unclean, dumb, uncaring, dishonest, lacks initiative, generosity, is closed with me, disrespectful, I dislike her personality, it turns me off her like I would be if she had slid down their skirt and pulled out a dick! Ideally someone would have virtues in both areas. Fortunately I have naturally always been like this. Very selective and choosy. Over the years it's given me experiences that I have analysed and developed many of my hypothesis from.

I think the guys thinking with their dicks are shallow. They compromise everything for looks. True Intimacy, the best sex, is not exclusively physical. They're desperate for sex. She'd have to prove herself before she qualified with me. This makes me stand out to her. I don't even waste my time looking, thinking about her, greeting or chatting to her until it's in line with Reciprocation. Simply the fact she's been around me for an hour and she's not seen me even glimpse at her starts to twist her brain in her swollen head, as she's the shit, *isn't she*? All women crave attention to feed their Vanity. I've not tried even talking to her when she's chatting to people within my group. Why am I not up her ass like everyone? She knows simply looking pretty⁷ doesn't get her anywhere with me. She's aware everyone wants to jump on her because of her looks. Perhaps she subconsciously seeks reassurance of her personality. If, somewhere in the back of her brain she's starting to Choose me, she will get curious.

I should be seen, not heard. I only speak when spoken to.
Paradise

Once a hoe steps and starts interacting with me in any conscious way, such as talking, smiling, direct eye contact, or subconscious ways such as glancing, facing me and coming near me, Reciprocation commences. Until then, I don't do anything except get on with my life.

The Law Of Reciprocation applies universally all the time I'm dealing with a hoe. She initiates all forms of contact, except when I'm Rewarding Behaviour. I conclude all forms of contact. I let her say hi first. I let her speak to me first, I conclude all conversations. She talks about going out. She brings up the subject of sex. I Reciprocate according to how often we see each other. The more often, the less. If a hoe positions herself so that I'm in her field of vision, I ensure that I'm not facing completely away from her. If a hoe is glancing, the correct way to Reciprocate is first she looks, and whilst she is, I look. Then I always look away before she does. At work, or in any interactive situations, I conduct myself pleasantly with female colleagues and acquaintances on a formal level. I'm friendly and let them develop personal conversation if they feel inclined. There is a woman in my company that ganders and smiles in my direction daily, as she does with several guys. She's on a little ego-boosting mission. I only allow her a momentary glance from me once a week. It's all about psychology and motivation, which is covered later on. It's all about not too little, not too much!

I use Higher Reciprocation, up to fifty percent, for situations where contact is brief and we are unlikely to meet again. In a car park or mall, a hoe may only be able to look at me four times before one of us leaves. I look back twice. For every ten times a hoe in a supermarket eyes me, I glance, smile back four or five.

Say there's a woman who calls, "Hello!" every time she sees me. We bump into each other every week. I say hi back. Nothing else. Sometimes she might follow it with a, "How are you?" and I answer. The conversation then dies and I split unless she adds to it. Every three or four times she asks me how I am, I'll Reciprocate, ask her back. When I reply, I don't tell her my life story, but I give her something that she can expand on, ask me about, if she wants to. I don't flippantly mumble, "I'm okay/" I tell her, "Actually things are really hectic, but I'm really good." Or, "I had a fabulous weekend, thank you." Then if she wants to, it isn't hard for her to cut into me by getting curious. Of course as soon as she does, I hit her with the "Contract." "Well a friend took me to a really nice place on Friday night." Or, "I went away for the weekend." See how I'm giving her more questions with each answer than she can ask? A good answer leads to many more questions. Bad conversation leads to none. See how I'm not talking more than she does? Also note that she's asking three quarters of the questions. This intriguing, vague, sought after style applies to all methods of communication.

I start building up a picture of inside her head as we chat. I'm friendly. I have fun, have a laugh. I note what information she's obtaining from me. She'll be sizing me up during this and our next few chats. This will also give me insight into her brain. It's the ideal opportunity to size her up too. As she's doing this I answer her and Reciprocate by mirroring some questions, especially if they're deep. Add the odd one of my own. I'm still deciding if she qualifies, if I want her. It's cool if she gets the impression I'm assessing her personal qualities, and Clout, if she has less than I. She should.

There are exceptions to the Law Of Reciprocation. Spending money, flattery - other than Emotional, and verbal and physical flirting, which also needs to be checked hard. If a hoe touches me, even slightly, or comes into my "comfort zone" I react like she's stuck my finger in a mains socket!

I never let a hoe catch me checking out anything but her eyes. Not her body or her clothes. I would only look at her torso if she was mine and we were getting exceedingly Intimate. I never ever pay attention to her Clout, car, ice, house or anything of hers, even if she is checking mine. That would be a bad signal. I look directly into her windows when we're exchanging glances or linguistics.

The Contract

I wasn't asking, I was telling!
Paradise

The instant that a hoe and I begin to exchange words informally, no matter the circumstances, there are several points I lay down during the conversation.

These terms are spelt out during our first and second informal contact. Only in exceptional circumstances do some spill over into later conversations, such as there being insufficient time or opportunity. But I let her create the opportunity. Ill show you how.

The "Contract" can be set out in a couple of sentences. It's simplicity itself to drop it when engaged in conversation. It's relevant to many topics that are typically discussed "Do you come here often?" "What's your itinerary for the forthcoming week?" "What have you been up to lately?" "Any plans for the weekend?" "Are you single?" "How are you?" all present the opportunity to include it in my response.

At worst, questions can be planted in a hoe's mind impromptu, using a simple technique I call "Engineering." By this I mean that if I want a hoe to wonder something or I wish to control the direction of conversation, I load a question into my response to something *she* says. This can also be used indefinitely to create and maintain intrigue and mystery. I showcased this in The Law Of Reciprocation chapter. Here are a few additional examples.

"Why do you have to go so soon?" "You're tanned, been on holiday?" "I like your shirt."

I reply, "I have to be up early because I'm going away." "Thanks, I was given some tan sessions as a present." "This? It was a really thoughtful gift actually, because I'm very choosy about things." Now she's got plenty of bait to take. Alternatively I can ask a hoe what she has done lately. She is bound to return the question.

Even supposing that she doesn't, I can now go ahead and advise her of how busy I am anyway.

"On Friday a friend took me for a really nice dinner." Or more subtly, "I went out to dinner."

I eventually identify my friend as female by including a "she" somewhere. Women then often enquire about the friend. "She's one of my best friends." Or ask about the meal. "I had venison, she had lobster." Or the place. "I don't know where it is, I could ask her, I suppose." Next come the girlfriend questions. I reply no. If asked why, I reply that I like my friend because of certain essential qualities, she is thoughtful, fun, considerate, has good taste, and so on.

I am, in essence, smoothly laying out the Contract. Terms she must accept in order that she can deal with me. It's her choice, but I'm not asking her directly. I'm informing her about me. Showing her how to get somewhere with me. No one is forcing her to talk to me again or call me. They always do though. They're already Choosing me too much.

I want to stress that I never brag, over-emphasise things or enquire what she's looking for, or about a hoe's marital status. I'm not asking, I'm *telling*! It's all about me, myself and I.

The main points of my Contract that I like to set out are listed below. I don't necessarily come out with the points as I've written them", unless she's Choosing me hard and I have Absolute Power. Then I can lay them down like a General or like Ginger does with Sam Rostine in "Casino." I'll adapt them to our conversation. The reasons behind this information will become apparent in due course.

- **Perhaps we could be friends.**

This is just the vibe I give, that she's being assessed. She's auditioning, she hasn't got the role. I emphasise that I need to know her further to ascertain this. I can't even consider anything like dates until I know her a little.

When a woman responds to me at any time by inferring I am after sex or a girlfriend, she's just sparring. I kill that instantly. I let her know she isn't with the program. I hardly even know her. I'm *maybe* after a good friend. But that lies in her hands. Anything else is sheer futuristic optimism on her part.

- **I am not looking for a girlfriend.**

Because this can be misinterpreted as promiscuity or shirking responsibility, I might elaborate, but minimally. I honestly state my reasons. I'm happy in my life at the moment. Most of my best friends are female in fact. Friendship is most important to me. After all, friendship is the basis of any good relationship. And it takes a long time to thoroughly get to know someone.

I've experienced many relationships with women all over the world. I've learnt a lot about myself and also about what I want. I'm realistic. I don't think I would find a girlfriend even if I looked, because I never compromise on the things in my life. I wouldn't accept second best. I think the more attributes you demand, the less likely you are to find a person with them all. I'm selective enough about my friends.

It's like people can be categorised into the shape of a pyramid. At the bottom, its widest point, are the majority of people. Those whom you can get on with at work, talk to superficially, be generally pleasant with, but you have little else in common. The next level up, there will be the people who you can have a laugh with, or who make interesting conversation. Rise further up, and you have an even narrower level consisting of individuals who possess all those previous qualities combined. The following level, even fewer people who also respect you, who are honest with you. If they're attractive to you too, they have initiative, intelligence and are caring, they'll go to the next level. As you ascend further and further towards the apex, the fewer people, if any, who possess all the qualities to be yours.

- **I date. I get asked out. I don't ask women out or take them on dates.**

I mention I was asked out, taken out, I have friends who occasionally Invite me on dates with them, or take me places, in conversation.

If she asks why, I explain that I find it more flattering to be asked out. I'm easygoing. I don't take for granted that people wish to be in my company, so I allow them to come to

me. I'm not comfortable with going out with someone unless they feel comfortable enough with me to ask me. I allow someone to decide if they wish to socialise with me at their own natural pace.

I'm too busy to plan outings. Plus, if I'm not worth taking out, then they weren't the right person anyway, we both should be with someone else. I like to know someone really wants to see me. I like a woman to be up-front, down to earth, mature, open, caring and have initiative. Those are the most appealing qualities she could have. They are essential.

- **My free time is at a premium.**

I lead a very busy, varied, active life. Socially, leisure and business wise. This comes across easily in conversation. When women ask me what my interests are, I tell them them all. They usually ask me where I find the time. If asked what I've done recently, my schedule will speak for itself. I often remark that things are hectic and I need a time here and there just to chill. This point is enforced through my scheduled call and date booking systems.

Potential

*He who thinks in terms of catching
mice will never catch lions.
Andrew Stonewall Jackson*

Time is money. The last thing I want to do is waste it on a lame that will never clear the first jump, when there are thoroughbreds out there. I want a hoe that's worthy of being mine. Who is able to compensate me justly for my time.

It's important to be able to swiftly rate a hoe's Potential value to me in order to decide initially if she qualifies with me. Subsequently, Potential will allow me to assess how much she's really doing for me compared to what she *could* be. What's in her spending range, so I can let her know what I would like. What to accept off her. What not to. This will allow me to Reward her Behaviour appropriately.

Pimp principle is to accept, conditionally of course, all hoes with good Potential that Choose me. Who qualifies with me Copping-wise depends on the quality and quantity of my current stable. I want more hoes than B&Q, so if they are Choosing me strong and aren't broke, they can audition. A full stable isn't definable in terms of numbers. It depends how much time one wishes to spare. If I haven't much more time free in my life for another relationship, she must be better than my worst hoe. So if her Potential is meagre and I have a stable of Top Performers with huge Potential, I pass and make better use of my time Copping another.

There are, rarely, Medium to Low Potential hoes that I dislike because of personal preferences. Where their Potential does not outweigh the effort of knowing them. Again, my stable affects how lenient I am.

It's not a beauty contest either. Some of my hoes are rare works of art, some aren't. Each hoe increases my Clout, therefore increasing my Copping capabilities, don't forget.

Virtues such as considerable personal Wealth are a Pimp's dream. Unfortunately, class A Copps aren't quite as common as I would like. As I explained in "Clout" it's easier to Copp hoes with less waddage than I. Consequently it is necessary for me to qualify hoes by assessing their Potential, their Clout, by taking into account more indirect attributes and having more foresight.

All the time a hoe's sniffing around me, I'm assessing her Potential. Ice glistening on her fingers, occupation, clothes, vehicles, if her children are at a private school, where she's been on vacation, parents, boyfriends or husband's career and where she lives. I can do this quite quickly and blatantly with hoes that have less Clout than I. They facilitate this process when they ask me those "What do you do?" questions. It is perfectly natural to mirror them.

Hoes whose Clout overshadows mine are assessed patiently, prudently and discretely. There's no rush. I Wait for them to voluntarily indicate their Clout. It is totally inappropriate to try to be indirect, or ask.

I divide hoes into five rough categories, according to their disposable income, which I will now explain.

● **Low Clout**

I avoid them like the plague. They may be useful as guinea pigs for fresh Pimps. It's also sensible to Pimp a few on the side, to maintain my sex life, since I don't act like a nympho with the rest of the stable. Dealing with one of these for any other reason would just consume my valuable time, which could be spent snaring larger prey.

A grade A student in the same circumstances may be worth a look. Or a minta. It's a travesty that she should be signing on, or leaning behind a counter asking me if I would like to super-size my meal. A minta can always make money. They have good Potential to pull symps and leech them. I can help her do something about her status ASAP, and in return, she'll be able to show her appreciation. This is what I call Management. In this case, I would be forfeiting some initial attributes and consider my time an investment. Free burgers in the meantime! She still has to do what she can for me.

● **Low/Medium Clout**

The lowest qualifying category. They occupy very little of my time of course. They can see me as often as they can afford to. Poor spending power means they will only meet me for the odd movie, cheaper meal, visit my home to bring me small gifts like CDs, books, DVDs. The lower her Potential, the more her contact with me will be at my home.

These hoes may also see me if I happen to pass through their place of work. I have a hoe that works at a DIY and furnishing superstore. I get twenty-five percent discount on everything. It's an idea to have hoes in strategic places. One at a car dealership could get me cheap servicing and discounted parts. Clothes shop, video hire, restaurant, salon, club, jewellers, the list goes on. That can add up to a lot of waddage staying in my pocket. Hoes have also been known to help me out by offering to decorate, garden for me and generally help out.

● **Medium Clout**

Next up it's employed hoes with reasonable salaries. Medium Clout hoes and above may only call at my house to pick me up or drop me off. They can wine and dine me, take me for days out to amusement parks or places of interest. The odd weekend break and abroad in the long run. Expenses that are within their range, in relation to their disposable income. Typical loot would include cheaper clothing, mobile phones, and minor home furnishings. Also capable of donating towards gym membership, insurance, jewellery, watches and home entertainment systems.

● **Medium/High Clout Third Party**

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Wealthy third party. A boyfriend, relative, lover or husband. This is a close second best to personal Wealth. She's a hoe. By nature she knows how to get what she wants from symps. All that has to happen is for the spoils to be shared with me.

There is a whole strata of society that belongs to this club. These thoroughbred gold-diggers can often be found shopping, at the beauticians and hair salons, swimming or at

the gym during working hours, before they go picking their kids up from private schools in the afternoon. Some have part time jobs purely for social purposes.

Spoils are the same as the previous and following categories.

- **High Clout**

They do say the more money, the more naive. Buying me something decent isn't going to be a big thing to her in relation to her finances. She will be capable of taking me for discerning weekends away and holidays abroad. These Top Performers will be able to give what I call premium gifts, such as couture clothing, gym membership, insurance, alloys, electrical goods, white goods, ICE, home furnishings, porcelain veneers, and personalised number plates. The list is as endless as her and my imagination. Also capable of donating towards or taking care of a car, apartment, or item of jewellery I want.

Hoes holding an influential position within their company might offer me a good position and salary, not to mention the perks. But that's a minefield. I shall scrutinise "Power Baiting" in due course.

Copping

*Patience is a Pimp's best friend.
Paradise*

Ideally a hoe should, and will, always make the first move. She will Choose and Copp me. This I would classify as requesting my number and asking to see me socially. She may give all kinds of weird and wonderful excuses for obtaining it or seeing me, but nevertheless, she did so. Actions!

When they do this I am starting how I mean to go on. I'm being sought after. I have the Balance Of Power and she is Choosing me strong. She knows she likes me more than I do her. I am immediately in the position to stipulate and enforce my terms and conditions of engagement, my Contract.

A hoe isn't going to do anything she can get me to do for her. I never initiate any form of contact. I'm more patient than women, and if the situation is that we are going to be in the same place repeatedly, there is no reason to go further than light Reciprocation. I watch her jock me on the quiet. She can stare or smile. She can say hi. She can chat to me briefly whenever she approaches me and initiates conversation. All I do is chill and Reciprocate until she can't tolerate it any longer and reaches out to 'me. This can range from minutes to months and months. It could even be a year or so. Believe me, if she has Waited all that time, she will be in appropriate condition for someone who has!

The only things within my control that I can do to bring fronting to a premature conclusion are improve my Front or Clout, go to the place she sees me less frequently, or if the hoe finds out that I am going away for a long period of time. Hoes front far less in a never- see-you-again situation. When I'm abroad most women don't even front, they come right at me, asking for some, like they're supposed to. It's beautiful; it's like I'm

the Pied Piper. Conversely, if she sees me daily, the hoe will bide her time.

When they make their move, I chat a little as shown in stage two, below, then supply my digits as in stage three.

My mouth is like a fire door - only to be used in emergencies. I have written preliminary stages because there is a scenario in which I would make an advance towards a woman. This is called "Taking Her To Court."

It must be unlikely that we will meet again and she must have been allowed as much opportunity as possible to make a move first. This protocol also presumes that I am satisfied with what little circumstantial Evidence there is, that she is Choosing me. The amount of Evidence necessary for a trial is directly linked to the likely-hood of her bumping into me again. No chance = Minimal Evidence. Then I will Take Her To Court.

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• Taking Her To Court Part I

*At A Distance, Evidence Obtained, No Contact Made & We
Wouldn't Meet Again*

I Wait until her eyes are locked on me, then look at her and beckon her over by silently motioning with my middle

and index fingers. When she strolls over, I proceed to stages two and three.

If they don't go for it, it doesn't mean my Evidence was flawed. It tells me that they're going to be harder to break. They're used to symps jumping through hoops for them, spoiling them. She's just a decent hoe. If she has good Potential, after she looks a good few more times I will repeat the motion.

Should she still not put one foot in front of the other, it will be the unluckiest day of her life. She will front less next time!

- **Taking Her To Court Part II**
- **She Initiates Contact Part I**

Close Range, Some Or No Contact Made & We Wouldn't Meet Again

When a woman strolls up to me and speaks first, it makes it all that easier to break into conversation. She gets full marks. But if I'm Taking Her To Court and have beckoned her over, or wish to Take Her To Court at close range - because she's stood close to me and she's silent - I would Wait for eye contact and smile lightly at her. I might say, "Are you not going to introduce yourself? Or do you just like to look?" Or "Don't you know it's rude to stare at strangers?" "So you saw me looking at you looking at me!" "How are you doing?" Or if she's sitting at the checkout, something like "It's nice and quiet for you." Or "You look tired." Not even a question, and she'll start chattering like she's been marooned on a desert island for the last year if she's Choosing. Or, in a club, "Listen, if you think I'm going to try to pull you like all these shallow guys who aren't thinking with their brains, you're pleasantly mistaken." Then go straight into something along the lines explained in the next section. What I say depends greatly on the hoe and the situation. Chat up lines, "How much does a polar bear weigh? Neither do I, but it's enough to break the ice." are for symps. I just talk straight and sincerely to a hoe. Let her know what I'm about.

"You look as if you have something to say..."
The Kidd

Planning is fundamental to success. Lack of strategy is universally synonymous with failure. During uneventful times it is wise to prepare for eventful times. My mind is occupied thinking through "what if" scenarios wherever I am and analysing previous situations. Toying with approaches, responses and how to Fire-blast fronting.

Here's an example of what I do in cases where the woman initiates contact. A woman starts chatting to me in the supermarket, I watch for body language whilst analysing what she is saying. There is no other Evidence, except that she has invaded my personal space. She comments that the item I that have picked off the shelf is pricey. I Wait to see if she makes any conversation on a less formal level as I Reciprocate, to strengthen my Evidence. She doesn't, so to initiate the trial, I gently steer us off the dessert in my hand. "I never compromise on *anything*. I always get what I want. What's life without the things we like?" A smile, followed by personal chat. By her reaction to a slightly more personal subject, I could review my Evidence. It also gave her more opportunity to make a move or submit stronger Evidence by expanding on our conversation. She still didn't, yet she responded well, so I commenced Court proceedings, as in section three.

This smooth transition from a formal to informal, informal to personal conversation is the key principle in these situations where I'm caught by surprise and need to Take Her To Court. This provides her with maximum opportunity to make a move on me, gives her some brain bait, and allows me to gauge any forthcoming Evidence as she reacts. I really test them out to the end of the conversation before I start talking phone numbers. Anything that could be construed as seeking her plants the seeds of trouble into her head.

Taking Her To Court Part III She Initiates Contact Part II

*Closure When A Hoe Expresses Desire For
Further Contact; Or When She Is Fronting*

In any case, wherever we are, I chat briefly, but unhurriedly. I lay down my Contract, time permitting. We have fun and get an impression of each other. I don't mention going out or her Clout, her appearance or any Front, except Emotional - her personality, if at all. A few minutes is ample. The shorter, the sweeter. What do most symps do? Try and get as far as possible in no time. She'll be intrigued; she'll have lots of unanswered questions, things to think about. Why don't I flirt, try to pull, try to impress her, act desperate, and look like everyone else? Mystery in itself is a motivation, it's exciting. As soon as she solves a man, a hoe will loose interest and seek a new challenge. I'm not Connect Four. I'm like a Rubik Cube that has had its stickers switched.

Meanwhile, I'm Waiting to see if she asks me for further contact. I like to give her opportunities to do this, to see if she's "buying" or not. A good opportunity maker is to respond at some juncture along the lines of, "Gosh, it would take me a long time to explain that to you." Or, "Well thank you, but you hardly know me."

After as little time as possible I make it apparent that I must leave and am bringing our encounter to a conclusion. If she's at her place of work, I let her know that I'm aware she has her job to do and I'm in a hurry. In a club, that I know that we're both out with our friends. If in a shop, that I don't have much time. I always focus on me having things to do, emphasise the value of my time. It's a prompt for her to let me know she wants future contact. I may abruptly cut the chat off in mid-flow if she's getting into personal conversation.

Tell her "Look, it's nothing you've said, I'm comfortable talking to you actually, but I really need to be somewhere."

If she doesn't do the sensible thing, I continue to bring the chat to an end. Before I say goodbye, I ask her name, or ask her it again if she has already told me. It's a nice way of letting her know she has a chance with me. This is her final opportunity to make a move. I say bye, maybe that it was nice chatting, and move.

If the hoe is Choosing, but still backwards in coming forwards, I turn back towards her and push the issue. I state that we obviously don't really know each other, can't get to know each other here and now, and tell her (not ask) to write down, or take my number. "Get yourself a pen and then we can have a proper, unhurried conversation. See if we hate each other or not." "Listen, I need to go, but I don't see why we shouldn't continue our conversation another time." Or "Let's stay in touch/"

I bless her with my digits, handing her my card, or preferably allow her to find a pen. Her writing as I dictate. I deflect any attempt by her to give me her number. "I'd rather we spoke because you wanted to." "No. I'd rather you contact me in your own time, when you have time to speak." "No, I never take numbers." I don't pause for a comeback - did you see a question mark back there? I immediately instruct her to call me for a chat, to get to know each other a bit more. See if my first impression of her is right or not. Then I'm gone like a twooked Supra.

There's an Engineering approach I frequently use, where instead of telling a hoe to take my number down, I behave as if she already has it. This helps prevent her from trying to lay her digits on me. As I'm about to walk away, I'll advise her to give me a call. If she's Choosing, she'll then frown, "OK, but wait, I don't have your number do I, how am I supposed to do that?" So now *she's* asking *me* for my number. Just how it should be. Awww, how romantic!

At Mickey D's I had a cashier holla to a co-worker in the back. She looked at me and said excuse me. I said, tongue in cheek, it's not polite to yell in the customer's ear. She blushed and apologised again. I told her that wouldn't do, I needed her supervisor. She pleaded, ahh come on - I said I was sorry 11 told her don't be sorry, make it up to me. She replied what could she do? Because she was Choosing me like crazy, I said take me for dinner. She said bet. I gave her my number and got the call. Topchoice

Hoe (hollering from the kerb): Give us a ride. Paradise (pulling over to my side of the road): I never ride in a car with a stranger. But it's up to you if you want to change that Hoe (crossing the road to me) How do you mean? I mean I'm choosy about my friends. Listen, I have to be somewhere, but give me a call so I can get to know you a little and then we can see.

How can I do that? (Takes business card)

Internet Copping

The Internet is a useful, time effective Copping tool. It's a unique, excellent way of reaching a whole range of people who I would otherwise never bump into. I mean you are basically in someone's house with them.

The same Copping principles apply wherever I am. The most important thing to me is minimising my time wasted, because it's so easy to on the net. Here are my SOPs.

Environment. My first tactic is cast my nets wide. I select a chat site with a high attendance; fifty or a hundred people in each room. Sites that allow users to enter several rooms simultaneously are preferable. I can also see the ratio of males and females in each room at a glance, allowing me to rule some rooms out of the equation. Incidentally, I have found the coolest time to connect is when there's a big football match on. Most males will be busy watching the match, and the ones on line are usually chatting about footie.

I click to enter several rooms. Now I start to close my net. I key in my "filter." This is to let women know what I'm about. To allow them to decide to Choose me, or steer clear. Things I've used include "Is there a caring, fun, deep, lady here who puts friendship first?" "Is there a down to earth, caring lady with initiative, intelligence and emotional intelligence here, 25+?" At the end of each message I always type, "Whisper me/Private Chat me. No cyber pleaseeee!" Of course, like anything is this book, everyone's own persona and objectives would reflect in what they say. I highlight the text and use the Copy function. I can then Paste and Send it in each room consecutively with little effort. I call this "Bombing."

This way the women are coming to me, like they should be. I know that they are at least mildly interested, and have a degree of initiative, if they whisper me. They know I'm not trying to cyber with them, so we can get chatting as in "Incoming Calls." As with face-to-face contact, I decide as early as possible who I'm going to put on "Ignore" by assessing how hard they are Choosing me by going a little bitchy on them and seeing how keenly they comply. I then bring proceedings to a conclusion in mid-conversation in the same manner as "Taking To Court/

Requests for my mobe number are responded to by saying I need to get to know them a little more first. When hoes say that they will chat to me again sometime or they will keep a look out for me, I type, "I don't come on chat regularly." I want a specific Invite, date and time. Only when I've said goodnight and they still don't ask for my email do I use my "Jedi mind-trick" technique. I'll talk to her as if she already has my email address.

A small proportion of the hoes that take my email address will develop into long-term correspondences and Copps. It's therefore practical to maintain a brief profile on whom I've been chatting to. Its main function is to jog my memory and allow us to strike up immediate rapport without repeating ourselves. It contains facts about the hoe and Behavioural observations, Emotional details and motivations. Perhaps some questions I would like to ask next time she contacts me. Ideas on how to proceed or handle her.

The following example is cut from net chat. In this short excerpt there's lots going on. The hoe's testing me on several levels, I'm checking her, killing flirting, defining myself

different from symps, I'm using repression to make her fold under the pressure of the conversation finishing, and there's a hint of Firing.

Paradise: It's late, I need to be up early.

Sue: Night hun.

Please.... Paradise, not hun. OK take care and have a nice week.

What you mean take care?

What you mean what you mean take care?

You're going just like that no email nothing all this chat well I never. **Oh.**

Oh hahah. ????

Do you want to keep in touch or not that's all. **Mail me**

What ya mean mail me you are the man, mail me! * * * *

@ ** *_mcom I shall reply to you. ***** (0)*******

COA77 j shall reply to you lol Forget it, how sexist are you?

Look if you really genuinely want to be my friend don't treat me as some "guy."

You're taking it the wrong way silly you're not just some guy

I'm trying to play hard to get lol

Take care. I know if you're bothered you7/ write, if not you're not the nice person I think you are. Bye Sue [I log off immediately]

Incoming Calls

You can only Pimp someone as much as you know them. I know hoes better than they know themselves. I'm an enigma to them. A fixed Rubik cube.
Paradise

The phone rings. By calling me up, or initiating further contact with me, the hoe is accepting my Contract. I consider I have Copped as soon as she asks me out. She may already have amending or replacing my Contract on her agenda, but she has agreed to it for now. She has Chosen me.

Our initial phone conversation will be our first long conversation. We're friends. We have fun and a cool chat. I leave alone the subjects of feelings and Emotions between us, sex in general and meeting each other. She'll bring them up when she wants to badly enough. Throughout the book you will notice that I allow repression to mushroom desire, which will help hoes to cease fronting, and maintains the Balance Of Power.

As Sweet runs down in "Pimp" I want to know her full history. Everything that happened since she popped out of her mother, if she can remember that far back. It's quite natural for me to really get to know people deep. Superficial, mundane conversation is necessary from which to link and progress onto deeper subjects, but it's secondary. We don't linger on it. People can talk about the weather, what they ate for dinner and sport to anyone. I'm on that "Other Level." I try to enable her to establish an Emotional connection with me as soon as possible. I'm exploring and tuning into her mind on a deeper level, an Emotional and Clout level. I'm interested in how she *feels*. What she *wants* in life. How she felt when this and that happened. What she took from it. What has really affected her. Reflections on her life. Her relationship with her parents. What the last thing she cried about was. How her relationships have started, progressed and ended, especially to ascertain why she Chose her boyfriend and what caused her to stop Choosing him. What she likes and dislikes about her current situation. We chat freely. How she arrived at certain decisions. Expressing her opinions on any subject. Aspirations, fantasies, dreams. What she would like to experience that she has never done before. Where does she want to be in five years? Where she would like to travel. What her perfect holiday, weekend, or home would consist of. What book, song, or movie scene is her favourite and why.

I move in any direction she wishes. I don't try to be what a hoe wants, but she may go for some of my virtues more than others. It's like a car in a showroom. Some clients might look at its engine, interested in its acceleration, others will be concerned about its safety features and warranty. Yet others will find the leather and veneer interior appealing. But the car remains the same.

~ Besides building good rapport, allowing us to genuinely get to know each other and promoting an Emotional link between us, this information will tell me a great deal about how she ticks. You can only Pimp someone as much as you know them. It tells me how to deal with her. About her character. It's invaluable. I begin to assess her motivations, her desires, although I don't do so directly. A hoe won't always consciously tell me what she really wants deep down. I may know what she wants when *she* doesn't!

If her husband treats her like excrement, but she still loves him, or she tried to cling on at the end of her previous relationship, I know I can put my foot down more with her. If she lives with someone and they don't have sex for some reason, then I know what one of her primary motivations is. If she's had only short term, casual fuck relationships recently, and gets bored with people quick, I would ensure that it takes her longer to get to know me, to get Intimate with me. The shit reads like a Ladybird book.

I assess a hoe's Clout to evaluate her Potential as accurately as possible. Now many will downplay their financial situation. Others may also complain about being in debt, but one has to bear in mind that they are in debt because they don't have a problem with spending money when they want to, not because their ethos is to spend sparingly. They would rather shop than pay off their accounts. This is their own business, although I would never allow a hoe to put herself into financial difficulty and I actively encourage my women to be solvent.

Lastly, I like to let her chat a while in order for us to get to know each other, but it's good form to be the one who brings the conversation to a conclusion. I restrict the first, and any future scheduled calls, to between ten minutes and an hour in duration. Always shorter than she wants them to be, and follow the same general pattern of conversation.

Once she starts taking me out, the bulk of conversation is transferred to date situations, phone calls are less frequent. This adds incentive to take me out to receive more of my attention. When her time expires, I round off the call by telling her it was nice getting to know her some more, I have to go do something and to let me know, give me a quick buzz, or arrange by text to chat again. She's already aware that I won't be available at her leisure.

I allow her to continue calling me or bumping into me until she's racking her brains about going out with me. Patience is a Pimp's best friend. Her only possible course of action, besides trying to manipulate me into asking her, which she'll fail to do, will be for her to make a move. She doesn't ask, she doesn't get. Every day that passes until then is a top-up on my Balance Of Power. Last week a hoe that's been dialling my number, when scheduled, for over four months asked to meet me. She lives three hundred miles away. She's plotted me a generous sized estate in her brain for a long, long time to come.

The Other Level

*You can be as romantic as you please about love; but
you mustn't be romantic about money.*

George Shaw

In "Front" I described the necessity for an Emotional affinity between a hoe and I. Sex is an abundant commodity, therefore to really tighten a hoe I take her to the "Other Level." There should always be more than twice as much Emotional Intimacy as any Sexual Intimacy. I tunnel deep into a hoe's mind, like "Mr Driller/" I stimulate her brain. I keep the kingsiza out of her womb, and on her mind. She'd get better odds on touching a rainbow.

My superiority, trustworthiness, mature composure, conversational ability, enthusiasm to understand others and deep nature encourage a hoe to open up to me, expose her private persona and form some Emotional link to me. This intangible connection is not necessarily equal on both sides. I'm not going to trip in an unrealistic way over a hoe, or reveal the intricacies of my Emotional history, but I speak freely on Emotional subjects.

I allow the hoe to go as deep as she wants, but I never try to coax information out of her. Hoes often remark, "Oh I can't tell you what I was thinking the other night." Or, "There's something I want to say, but I'm not sure if I should. Maybe not." I don't fall into their stone-age symp-trap. Like Too \$hort raps, "She wanted to play games, so I taught her mine." I say "Sure, no problem." I let them bottle it up inside until, eventually, out it comes naturally.

A hoe may talk to me about poignant events in her life. Discuss inner issues, things relating to them, normally private thoughts. Whereas my personal history is mostly private. I talk in general about Emotions, life, and about the deeper things I love in our world. In particular, I have a fascination of storms and the ocean.

To me they represent the raw, uncontrollable, wild, powerful unfathomable beauty and magic of the forces of nature. We might discuss loneliness, and how one can feel happy and be smiling in a crowded room, yet in their heart they can feel unfulfilled. How staring at the night sky provokes thoughts. We talk as I described in "Incoming Calls." She may like to watch the sea, love the wind, or be afraid of the dark. We'll talk about how things make her feel and what memories or thoughts they evoke. The past and the future. I enjoy deep conversation.

I would describe the Other Level in several ways. All five senses become Emotionally receptive in another dimension. Things become Emotionally charged. A hoe might get stomach-ache when I'm gone. When she's with me, she's buzzing off chemicals her body is releasing into her system. Touch is not simply perceived as touch; the warmth of my body may feel like Emotions radiating into her. My voice has an effect on her. She catches a whiff of the scent I wear in a store and gets and get heart palpitations. This is where we have something between us. A vibe that puts us on an Other Level from everybody else.

Signs of a deep Emotional connection usually come in the form the hoe explaining that they think of me when they listen

to a particular song. They smelt my aftershave in a shop, or on somebody and thought of me. They say they believe fate brought us together. They talk about the compatibility of our star signs. They try to get me to leave any kind of little object behind when I split. They have printed every email I've sent them, or they have a connection to me through gazing at the night sky or the ocean. I can also tell by their breathing if I move in close range to them, or by the voltage in their eyes.

Hoes who have a particular hunger for an Emotional vibe often hoard keepsakes and objects of sentimental value. They have many photos of family and friends. Some are overly attached to their pets.

Now it's time to discuss the four-letter word. I may agree that there's a vibe between us, that we connect on some levels. There's something good between us. That she made my heart beat faster when she gave me some ice. That I like how we're open with one another. I'm not talking about being or saying I'm "in luuuurrrve!" She can say it more often than a Wimbledon umpire, if she likes. I could never fall in "love" with a hoe, by definition. I might love her in a different way because she's been a true hoe to me. For how she is and what she does for me. This doesn't change the fact that hoes are dispensable. I'm not talking about getting Emotionally dependent on a hoe. She very well may do with me though. What I want is for her to feel she *needs* me. She probably wants to feel that too. Near unconditional Emotional Dependency. Her mind will be totally gone! She'll be mine.

Saying the word "love" (apart from being dishonest because she's bound to misinterpret a Pimp's meaning) would mean, "Here's the Balance Of Power." It'd be like Christmas for her. She would think she had something of worth to me to be able to utilise, threaten or withdraw in order to exploit me.

I mentioned Emotional Dependency above. Here's what I mean by the term. If an individual is balanced, mature, has come to terms with themselves and put their life in perspective, Emotional Dependency can be near impossible. This often comes from a solid family background, or from being single and independent for a length of time, especially following a relationship. They will be reasonably content as a person, not excessively needy of affection from someone else for their happiness. Therefore they will assess a person and a relationship more rationally. They will not disregard Behaviour or compromise their own standards to the same extent.

Someone who is less balanced has a high likelihood of becoming Emotionally dependant on someone. They may have been in an abusive, sexless or hurtful relationship, they may have unresolved issues from their childhood. Low self-image, insecurity, loneliness and ego seem to

Firing

*Whatever makes a hoe feel happy possesses an
equal Power over her to render her unhappy.
Between these extremities lies my Power.
Paradise*

I don't initiate conflict. I conclude it. I don't compete for the Balance Of Power. I permanently possess it. Certainty or doubt of one's own Power is not only a red or green light to *being* tested, it predetermines if a confrontation will *result* in success or failure.

The term "Firing" refers to the procedure of abruptly confronting a hoe with the fact that she isn't mine until she acts right, or unless she acts right. Leaving her with a clear ultimatum of Bolting or Behaving, if she tests that far.

Permanently cutting hoes with Potential loose is like burning money. I don't Package to hoes "Never call me again." I convey "Don't call me again unless you..." Firing simply weeds out the Performers from the lames. If a hoe isn't respecting me, I either want her to act right or to stop wasting my time. Both are good results, but of course the result with cash flow is optimal. I always want a hoe if she's sweet, but I never need a hoe who isn't.

Firing conclusively answers the most important question in a hoe's head. All the information she has absorbed until that point tells her that I don't need her. Hoes create a cold war for the Balance Of Power. I'm a nuclear threat looming over her world night and day. It deters conflict in the first place. She, rightly, seeks proof of my capability. And will do again any time she hopes that the Balance Of Power has swung. So this is the *real* unsaid issue her and I are dealing with whenever she confronts or tests me.

Similar to a real life nuclear holocaust scenario, as soon as I embark into "launch" mode (relationship terminated mode) the hoe will want to come back to the table and re-negotiate. Except because I'm indifferent to pressing the button, there is no negotiation. Ever been in a relationship and suddenly one of you is deciding whether to break up, and the other is Choosing them strong, especially Emotionally Dependent? What does the other person do? They flip into a warp, a mind state where they compromise; they'd do anything to keep the other. But should the red-alert signals be insufficient, if she calls my bluff, I have the ultimate weapon. And I'm immune to it, remember!

Firing hoes is one of the best things I can do. It's SOP. Every hoe needs to be Fired. I Fire some hoes several times before they Copp me! Now that's a strong Copp. I wait eagerly for any opportunity to terminate a hoe's Contract from the first time we meet. A situation will unfold where she will not acknowledge the Balance Of Power. It doesn't matter how trivial. I have my principles. What may appear to the layman as perhaps a silly, unimportant, isolated incident lets a hoe know a whole lot about me and either increases or diminishes her respect. Tests that crop up include silly, petty situations where a hoe pesters me non-stop to do something such as show them something or do a task she can do herself. She may remark "Whatevvver!" disrespectfully, like she's on Jerry

Springer, when we chat. She may ask to try my watch on, for me not to stand near a balcony edge, to be tactile, flirt, and want to do undesirable things to me - even test some nail polish on me for fun.

Once I have said no, I treat her like a Gremlin after midnight. Finally, she may add some flirting or try a bullshit threat as a last attempt. If I cave in once, she'll turn nasty and do it again and again. No means no - and don't test me. She should never question my resolve. I never concede a point, unless I add it to her "Want List" and eventually use it to Reward Behaviour. It would have to be seen as given on my terms. I always stand by what I say. The message gets through.

Silence is the most perfect expression of scorn.

George Shaw

The harder I am being Chosen, the easier I'm provoked to Fire. If we're not too tight, or if I think that it's sufficient, she will receive more preliminary visual or verbal warnings that she's turning me off her. That we're appearing incompatible, and will get stripped of some Intimacy Stars first.

My blood turns into liquid nitrogen as I instantly recoil like she's got cholera, telling her sometimes verbally and always via my actions that she can't possibly aspire to be my friend if she doesn't act like one. I could state "I'm not comfortable with doing that." "I don't want to be told you'll call me presuming this and that. Just wait *til you decide you are definitely going to and let me know a few days in advance." Often, "launch mode" can be mimed. Placing immediate physical distance between her and I, withdrawing the Long-Term level of Intimacy. My frostbitten face, me simply leaving or cutting her off the phone calmly without warning, my silence or economical use of words can be an adequate deterrence, and she'll concede Power. When I cut off my mob they call back my voicemail distraught, unsure whether the reception was lost, but their Balance Of Power gauge is on red so they handle me like Ming porcelain. If they ask me if my network cut me off, I ignore their Trojan Horse question and continue talking and ask them what they want, putting them on the defence to twist their brains a little more.

Which is stronger and more powerful: your determination to end the conflict or your fear of losing the relationship? In order to triumph over conflict; you must understand thoroughly your motivations, for they describe your destiny. Sun Tzu

I flip my thermostat on hoes like Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. Just as I allow hoes to get closer to me if they are sweet, if they go sour I get icy. By icy I mean composed, logical, Emotionless, intolerant and uncompromising. I will talk firmly and briefly. I'm always in control. I'm never reactive. Even if a woman did something malicious to my property or me, all she would get from me is self- defence and a visit from the police. Violence and anger are juvenile characteristics. Hoes have no Power to raise my temperature and bring out childish, illogical, insecure, destructive, uncontrolled Emotion in me. Just as tempestuous weather is incapable of exposing the sensitive inner of flora, naturally protected within its calyx.

There is no avoiding conflict. It can only be postponed to the advantage of others. Niccolo Machiavelli

I only check a hoe on one issue at a time. This is so because I always check her instantly whenever she tests, so there can never be more than one issue that needs checking at any moment in time.

This is advantageous because I am always checking her from a position of strength. I am not asking her to change Behaviour that I have previously accepted. This would display fear, an absence of Power, and undermine its importance. She also has to weigh losing me against correcting a single issue.

The three essentials when Firing and checking a hoe are:

● **The Return Contract Clause**

I emphasise the one issue that will make her eligible to be mine. I question her capacity to meet my standards because of this issue. I make it crystal that it is the difference between having me and not having me.

I Package to her that I dealt with her because I thought she might have been able to be a close friend. Maybe I saw something in her, she seemed sweet in certain instances, but I'm disappointed, offended and hurt that she's not acting like one right now. If a hoe says she opposes my Contract, I may say, "That's the biggest turnoff to me. If you aren't X Y Z, I can't be friends with you." Or "If *you* can't be bothered, neither can I." By doing this, I'm really telling her how to act when they return. I'm setting out a "Return Contract Clause."

● **The Stable Door Is Always Open.**

Packaging to them that they do have the Potential to be with me, but only if they want to act right. My stable door is always open to Top Performers, always closed to degenerates. She can return, conditionally. It's Choose or loose!

I might leave her with words ringing in her ears like, "Don't call me unless you plan on being nice to me." "I want you if you are that woman you said you were, the friend that you seemed to be, but if you aren't, then I'm obviously not your type." "I know that if I'm wrong about you you'll call me. If not then we'll know that the things you have said to me aren't true and we needn't talk." Works like a Swiss watch. "Look, you either act like a mature, caring friend or you stop wasting my time. Now what's it to be?" Ice, ice baby! "I have people who I don't consider friends who behave nicer to me than you are doing." Paradise has now left the building! "Look, I can't possibly speak to you properly until you tell me you're sorry." Then, "Telling me you're sorry is one thing. Do you intend show me that you really mean you're sorry? You don't know? In that case we have nothing to speak about until you do." A classic response to "First Contact."

● **Conciseness**

Not turning my statement into a debate or prolonged dialogue. I'm not asking, I'm telling. Time is of the essence: Firing is done as swiftly as possible, part of its strength is its lightening speed.

Conversing with a hoe about something to which there can be no response other than yes or no is like telling her there is the option to negotiate. Before I reach the Firing stage, I may

respond to a calm remark, but only by swiftly emphasising my other two points. But when Firing I ignore any attempt to draw me into a discussion or distract us from the issue. She will take any willingness to discuss things as a sign of weakness and it's counter productive. I maintain focus on the urgency and importance of the only issue we have left to talk about!

My reader, I can't find words to really describe to you how well a hoe Behaves after she's been Fired. Nuclear fallout has devastating effects. The radiation doesn't dissipate easily. If I hadn't already broken her, a "Rules," "wine-and-dine-me" type bitch will become a Top Performer overnight. Hoes have even sent me cash and cards in the post after I've excommunicated them. They think of doing things for me that I haven't even thought of!

Let's cut to some real life examples of me in action. There are more in the Rendezvous chapter.

Emma: Can you meet me outside my work?

Paradise (in a calm but firm voice throughout): I don't understand why you're asking me that

I'll meet you there. It would be nice to meet you there. It's easier.

You can't get to the Trafford Centre? You invited me there.

I said down town, you said you preferred Trafford so I'm fine to go there. I know where it is, yes. I can follow the signs, but I've never been from work before.

I've never been there from your work before. Emma, you said that you are able to find your way, yet you are still asking me?

Yes.

Click! Deadline! Five minutes later comes the second call. After it rings for a long minute...

Have we just had our first argument?

No, I never waste my time arguing. Look, I'm driving. You can call me quickly in half an hour if you need to talk.

Thirty minutes later...

Hello. I'm so upset, [Paradise] I'm crying here, can we be friends again?

Only you know how you are going to be with me. I accept people how they are. If people act like good friends then I have time for them. If not, I use my time wisely.

I'm sorry, I was only joking with you, you know. I wasn't serious. I don't know how you could think that. I asked you in no uncertain way and you said yes. I only have time in my life for the best people I can surround myself with. If people turn out not to be, I try not to be disappointed at my misjudgement. I'm very sensitive to how people are with me. It means I appreciate good friends and am also quickly hurt when I notice someone isn't one.

I'm sorry, we've got our wires crossed, I was only kidding. I'd never do anything to hurt you. If you still want to go, I'll see you there on Wednesday.

Invites

*I always allow my hoes three options. My way, time
stands still until it's my way, or the highway.
Paradise*

I honestly can't remember the last time I asked a woman out. Maybe I was sixteen.

Once she has taken me out a few times and a hoe knows what to do if she requires my company, things tend to run like an S Class. Though new Cops can be quite sexist or set in their ways to begin with. They're still catching their bearings with me. A hoe may kick some blatant hoe-to-symp shit to provoke me to symp. Such as, "Well, you not going to ask me out? It's your turn to ask me out. Would you take me for dinner? I like to be wined and dined." Or try to camouflage it a little. "Oh honey, when can we meet? Where do you think we should go?"

These statements signify that a hoe's desire is stronger than mine, and she knows it. She's brought up the subject. This is exactly what I want. However blunt or tactful a hoe is with me, I respond to her bearing in mind how strongly she is Choosing me. I'd retort briefly to hoe comments by including something along the lines of what follows.

"I like a person to get to know me at their own pace and ask me out only when they feel comfortable doing so. Of course you like to know too, so I'm telling you. Let me know if you would like me to come out with you and where to. I find that to be much more of a compliment than words ever could be. There's nothing worse than people who play games and aren't open with me, or being asked out then asked where we should go."

"Well I don't take people out, but if you would like me to come out with you somewhere, sometime, suggest and plan something and let me know. I'm too busy to do so too. I prefer to be asked out, because then I know that the other person really wants to be in my company. I don't ask people out because I don't expect everybody in the world to like me, but I like it when people show me that they do. Friends don't wait for each other to ask them out. A mature adult doesn't play games. I'd never go out with someone who wasn't both those things."

"Listen, there are people who accept what happens and what's offered in their lives. But a real woman chooses what *she* wants, controls her life and shapes her own destiny. Fate will only lead you to water. I only have time for mature, thoughtful, independent people. I like people with intelligence and initiative around me. It makes so much difference to me if someone *shows* me, proves to me what they say and how they feel. Let me know what you have in mind and we can see."

A hoe can point out that I seem to want her to play a "male" role by taking me out. "You're coming across quite naive. The world doesn't break down into men and women. It breaks down into two kinds of individuals. Coulda-shoulda-wouldas, and those who make things happen in their lives. Take a look around and you will see one type is always poor, and the other synonymous with success. From Madonna, Margaret Thatcher and Lil' Kim to Lady Diana."

"I'm not stupid enough to stand here holding this phone to my ear whilst you talk to me like this. I'm not interested in dating. I'm not interested in treating women like an incapable subspecies. I *am* interested in having good friends. And if you have a problem with treating a male with respect then you don't sound my type. You either want to be friends or you don't. Now which is it to be?"

After checking the hoe casually in passing conversation or wording her icily, I don't pause for a comeback. I take for granted that my statement is accepted, perhaps ignore a feeble comeback, and proceed immediately onto a new topic, or bring our conversation to a normal, abrupt end to really sponge up that Power. Firing is not my only defence against hoeing. Repression is a beautiful thing. I will never ask a hoe out, so there is only one way for her to meet me. Pimping is about demand exceeding supply. I never expand on her booby-trapped remarks about going out. If she pushes the issue after my response and trys to make a conversation out of it, III immediately Fire her. I always allow my hoes options. My way, time stands still until it's my way, or the highway.

A hoe may kick some, "Where you going? Oh, can I come with you? Oh, I go there. I'm not far from there." nonsense. There is no way I would agree to meet a hoe under any other circumstance than her specifically wanting us to get together. If that wasn't the reason and focus of it, we're better off doing our own thing until she feels that way. I find it offensive and unflattering. I don't see people out of convenience, coincidence or on the off chance. I explain so and leave it in her hands if she wants to arrange something. It simply lets her know she's dealing with a Real Man. It really steals the wind from their sails when I inform them that I've recently visited their town too.

Even if a hoe acts right and asks me out straight away on her first or second call, I like to get to know her a little more first. I tell her that, and to ask me again the next time we finish speaking, as I will have got to know her more by then. Likewise, the first time that she suggests that we spend a weekend away together, I always advise her that it sounds nice, I like that she's thoughtful, but we can discuss it next time we go out. This is called "Wait Training." It does wonders for her mind state. I'm not going to go out with her just because she's ready. She can Wait until I am. I don't wish to go out with a hoe when she desires me. I require her to be far beyond that!

If she states that she wants to front - sorry, I mean be strictly friends - great. That saves me lots of work. That's what I've been saying to her all along. One day she might remark, "I have an idea. You know I love spending time with you and you said that you like to be able to relax and get to know each other without distractions in comfy surroundings? And it seems like our time together is always too short. Well, I thought if I took us away for a weekend or a holiday together we'd have just that. But tell me if you think I'm being too forward or you think it's a bad plan. I don't want this to come across as if I'm trying to make a move on you. Everything will be above board. We will have separate rooms of course. Our friendship is more important than anything and I would do nothing to jeopardise it."

When she starts giving me head whenever I allow her to, when she gets pangs of jealousy, and when I don't get Intimate with her when she's not spoiling me she can remember that. She still has to take me out, do me favours, if she wants to be friends. Sex is invariably far lower on my Want List than a hoe's. All I want is what's at the top of mine.

When she does get around to asking me out, I decide what I will accept. I start how I intend to go on. She's likely to propose a venue of the same calibre that I have mentioned other hoes take me to, or that she knows I prefer. If her Potential prevents her from doing so, she will attempt to come as close as she can. My preference is for a good Cordon Bleu, Haute Cuisine standard restaurant, or something fun and of worth. I ensure hoes know that I don't like pubs, fast food joints, nightclubs and bars. I don't go out for drinks, I dine. I don't go to swimming pools, I go to water parks. I don't sleep at motels. I stay at four or five star hotels.

Only if I have Absolute Power - if I'm being Chosen harder than quantum physics - will I command a hoe like a General. Otherwise I never ask a hoe to do anything for me. I never suggest a venue or activity unless asked for my preferences, or unless she has made a suggestion first. If I dislike what she proposes, I have no qualms about refusing her, pointing her in the right direction and letting her know what would be nice. It's not as if she's going to change her mind. I tell her my preferences about the kind of place it should be, or name a cinema, activity, restaurant, musician who is touring, hotel, resort, country or city. Nothing more. I don't know details. It is for her to offer and plan. She must take the initiative and make telephone calls if necessary. Do research. Go and buy Conde Nast Traveller, The Rough Guide, The Good Food Guide. Get the Red Letter Days catalogue and The Leading Hotels Of The World book. Make the effort. Then she can offer again. I'm not going out to please her. Anyway, she'll be pleased that I have high standards. The ultimate man, the ultimate relationship, belongs hand in hand with the ultimate surroundings. You know, like how the Queen believes everything smells of fresh paint.

It is wise to allocate dates to weekday or Sunday evenings. Fridays and weekends are for myself, only infringed upon if decent overnight breaks or all-day activities are agreed. I always agree to "around" a time, I'll say "See you eight-ish." I never promise to arrive on the dot, I take life easy, it's not a military operation.

There may be several near misses during Incoming Calls concerning going out together. I patiently Wait for her to specifically suggest that we go out or for her ask me out correctly. Once on this topic of conversation, she may not clearly ask *me* to come out with *her*. It may be more vague than that. My Packaging of specific personal pronouns and verbs is important here, as in all situations. I always refer in conversation to me going out with *her*, *her* taking me somewhere, I'll come with *her*. I might say it was nice of *her* to ask, or that it was a nice *suggestion* and she has taste. I'll trust *her* judgement on the choice of venue. I'm basically reinforcing that it is her who made the move. She is requesting my company.

Should I receive a general, non-specific offer, "Will you come to see me? Would you come out for dinner? I bet you wouldn't come on holiday with me, would you?" I answer that it sounds nice but I don't know. I need to know more about where and what before I could say. I'll be able to answer her

fully when I know the full details. This shows that I'm not going out merely for company, I have standards and that much consideration must be given to my desires.

I'm not some symp. I'm extra ordinary; I don't fit into a hoes day-to-day, mundane life situations. Seeing me must be special to her. She will have to go out of her way for me. She can't just slot me in nicely. I never accept Invitations to parties, places of work, group social occasions or any events that she would be attending irrelevant of my company. I'm always the centre of her attention, it's always just the two of us. She may have to reorganise her schedule for me, to fit into my life; I'm not interested in fitting into hers. Things you have made an effort to obtain you appreciate more.

Hoe's lairs are utterly OFF LIMITS. The closer a woman's index finger comes to touching my front doorbell, the better I'm Pimping. I'll come out; she doesn't come inside on early dates. I'll tackle visits in the "Top Performance" section. If she isn't picking me up from my doorstep, the venue should be as local to me as possible. An exception would be an attraction not to be found nearby, or something of high value to me. I'm busy *and* putting myself out, don't forget.

On future outings, I avoid repeating our Rendezvous. My personality is such that I always seek new places and new experiences. I tire of repetitive dates. These qualities also provide benefits from a Pimping aspect. Removing a hoe from familiar Environments is a sound principle because she will anticipate, enjoy and remember her experiences as more special and with a higher degree of excitement. Her mind will also be occupied, she will not feel as comfortable or as Powerful as she would otherwise.

Rendezvous

"It's okay, I'll take care of this one."

"Do you see me reaching for my fucking wallet?"

Film: Payback

I never arrive early for a date. I try to materialise within fifteen minutes of the pre-arranged time. This broadcasts all the right messages and drills me deeper into her mind.

In the event of being very late for some unexpected reason, I don't break my neck, sit stressed, sweaty, in car jams or rush my ass off. My women know that if I'm not there on time that there must be a reason. I have said I'll be there so I shall be there. I never break my word. She can contact me on my mobe if she can be bothered to.

If tested on my punctuality, I don't apologise or justify being delayed. I state she should appreciate realistically that I'm a busy guy and we live in a world of infinite, unpredictable variables and not everything is in our control. What is important is how we are when we are together. If she's concerned for me, cool, if not I'll point her selfish thoughtlessness out real quick. Likewise, if my hoe was ever late - and this hasn't happened yet - I'd never let her roll up and spot me Waiting for her. I'd return in fifteen minutes. If I had no word by then, I would leave sharpish. Upon her subsequent arrival she will understand that I'm not to be toyed with and presumably call me up. If she let me know she was on her way, but late for a valid reason, fine. I know she's Choosing me and after a quick apology (she must apologise) we need not waste further time on it.

As a rule, hoes never see the interior of my car, unless they have earned the privilege to do so (see Rewarding Behaviour). She's an able bodied adult: With or without her own vehicle, she should meet me where we're going. She comes to me. It's good form. If she doesn't feel like that, she needs some time to develop that feeling! If you see me in a car with a hoe, you can bet I'll be in the passenger seat of that car. When we meet then travel onwards elsewhere, my woman chauffeurs me. If she hasn't got wheels, it's a taxi or public transport. This becomes routine, but initially I divert her from my ride by honestly stating that I have had enough driving to the Rendezvous. I don't feel like driving, and that I simply like her to drive me. In an area she is familiar with, I also explain that I prefer us to concentrate on conversation rather than us both messing around navigating. If tested, I could retort "Are you going out with me or my car?"

When I am in people's company or busy, I like to have a certain degree of privacy and to enjoy whatever I'm doing without being disturbed. I switch off my mobe when we meet in order that I am not interrupted. Having a mobile means that I can be contacted when I want, not when others want. This has a double benefit because when I don't reply to texts, or hoes reach my voicemail, they presume that I am likely to be with somebody else. When a woman is taking me out, she is treating me right, therefore she receives my full attention, as I do hers. It's the only time she will receive it. When she's with me, she's my woman.

I reinforce the Contract's points consistently, all the time that I deal with my girls. Whilst out with them, I continue to

really get to know them as in Incoming Calls. There's so much to know. I will probably check things with her to add weight to my theories about her. And, of course, I have a good time. She's taking me where I want to go. She's acting right, so we can be friends and have fun.

When on dates, I allow hoes to lead the way into restaurants, up to shop tills, arrivals desks, in cinema queues and to assume an active role. It's best for her to lead the way up to these buildings too. I'm not sexist either: Hoes can hold doors open for me. If I ever were in front, I would briefly hold the door, but not stand there like a porter. She will have normally made a reservation. She speaks to the maitre d'. If there is a choice of table, I tell her which one I would prefer. I would rather not speak to staff at all. I follow her to the table. I select anything that appeals to me from the menu. I eat a la carte if I wish. I don't look at prices, just at what I like. I tell her what I will eat so that she can order for us both. I let her take care of me. She's empowered, but I'm the one in control.

Similarly, in shops I tell her what I want and she endeavours to get it, or allow her to take what I have picked out to the cashier. At hotels, it is my hoe that checks us in at reception. I'm sure that's why they have smaller feet - so they can stand closer to tills. She calls for room service. I like a woman to be thoughtful and attentive to me. Run my bath. Have my favourite drink waiting for me. Have that item I mentioned the next time she sees me. One of my Top Performers always buys the movie tickets before I even arrive. I never went for these passive, docile, incapable, lame hoes in movies. I always liked the bad bitches like Onatop and the Cigar Girl in the Bond movies, because they have initiative, drive and are sharp. These other disabled hoes only ever lift a finger, like hesitantly, nervously throwing a vase at someone's head in a panic if their man is getting fucking *killed* in front of them!

Another thing that gets up my nose are sexist waiters and waitresses sliding bills in front of me. Even though my woman has asked for the bill. Despite that I have hardly looked at or spoken to them all night. Despite the fact that I'm not looking at anything but my woman, chatting to her, and she's probably looking at the bill in their hand.

Now with a good hoe, she would just ask me to pass it over or ask for it to be given to her by the waiter. In less than perfect first date situations this can be countered by being sat forward with my arms on the table, forcing the bill to be placed further from my territory. Though this is only practical at smaller tables where there is little room either side of me. In any event, I have this problem with my vision. I can't see bills on the table in front of me, it's like they're not there. I never look downwards. I continue to look at and chat to the hoe until she reaches for it. I never have a peep at the bill. If she enquires how much it is, I pass it to her.

Sometimes I will only discover when it comes to the crunch that my date believes I'm going to start picking up bills, or part of them. She is merely pinching herself to check if she really does need to prove she's worthy of having me. Because I seem too good to be true. Remember: It is she who asked me out. In my eyes, going Dutch on things with a hoe is OFF LIMITS. I'm feeling like I'm going to cough up blood here, at just the thought of it. If she's cracking any fifty-fifty shit, I check that Behaviour immediately. I Fire her. If the Balance Of Power is not assumed from the beginning, it becomes immediately difficult, and soon impossible to recover.

The sort of thing I'd come at her with would be "You asked me to come out with you. You'd be looking at me crazy too if I asked *you* out, then asked *you* to pay."

"I'm sorry, but I've never been asked out, then asked to *pay* towards it."

"Respect is important to me. I don't accept anything less from anyone with whom I associate. If taken out by a friend, one's friend doesn't turn around and expect them to pay for them. I would never spend my time in the company of anyone who I wouldn't consider to be a friend."

"I feel sick, offended and disgusted. If we have to actually *arrange* to go Dutch then we shouldn't really be going out. If the cost of the bill is worth more to you than my company then, in my eyes, you're saying I'm not worth taking out. It's only a bill. What you're saying is I'm not even worth a plate of food!"

"If money is an issue then you don't really like me. *We* should be the issue."

"I'm insulted that you confuse me with those men who pay bills thinking they're buying more than just a meal. I don't buy friendship. If you're going out on a date, and some guy's crazy for you, I can understand that. But we're going out as friends. My time is valuable and I only like to spend it with people who know what they want, who place importance on what company they are in, rather than on material issues/'

I could round it off with something like maybe it's our age difference, I'm used to a certain level of etiquette, I know she's mature enough to understand how I'm so sensitive, or maybe it's that we just move in different [social] circles, as if we're doomed. It'll incite her to conform to my standards. To prove her compatibility with me. She perceives me as on a level above her. It's an extra prompt, an extra brain twister for her. It should appear petty, unrefined and questionable of her pedigree, depth, and state of affairs that she wants to split the bill. I mean, do friends hit on you for money when they ask if you'd like a drink from the bar?

Even a blind bitch could see that I've got the funds for a royal banquet. Paying is not in my realm of possibilities. I often don't carry money. At the end of the day, I always have the ace up my sleeve. I can put my foot right down and straight out state I was beginning to like getting to know her but it has been overshadowed, as it's appearing that we're incompatible due to her Behaviour, Even walk out. Leave her to pay. The ball is then in her court! This works a treat. They become Top Performers overnight.

Years ago, a hoe was testing me real hard in a restaurant over £25. I wasn't in the mood. I drew out a £50 note, showed it her and casually tore it along the middle. I tossed half over to her as I pointed out to her that *that* was what she was arguing about. I stood up and strolled out, leaving her with the bill. This was a very visual way of Packaging to her that I have money and I have principles.

She came looking for me later on. She brought me back the torn half note.

o~ My relationship with a hoe is conditional upon her conforming to my needs. A hoe is trying to get what she wants from me, so if I get what I want from her, she'll be allowed to get what she wants and we're both going to be really happy and get along so well. It's in my interest. It's in her interest. She wants me. She takes care of me. She gets to go out with me and be mine. If she doesn't think I'm worth it, then she wouldn't do it. Simple.

The first time a hoe whisks me away, we may be in separate rooms. I never even knock on her door, call her, let alone step into her room for any reason. It's like Area 51. She must Wait for me downstairs in the in the lobby, or come to my door. When she tries to lure me, I tell her I'm going to my suite, I have something to do (perhaps raid the mini bar). If she wants to chat for a while, to come to my room in five, ten minutes time.

When it gets late, I tell her to return to her room. Often if I say "Do you feel tired?" The hoe lounging on my bed, or on the couch will say she does. She's thinking that I'm inviting her to stay, that she's going to rape me all night. I might say, "I am too, I'm going to clean my teeth. Then I'm going to bed." When I re-enter the room, they are usually in desperado-mode, really trying it on, pathetically failing to entice me as I say goodnight with a smile. I dampen any advances as shown in the "Intimacy" section.

I dictate what time I get up. Always seems to be later than my women want! The hoe will be eager. I usually have her come and knock on the door to wake me up in the a.m. then call out that I'll meet her downstairs for breakfast, or she can come in and order it to my suite.

When we're staying in the same suite, we could be in the same, or separate beds. She doesn't decide which bed, or which side she's going to sleep on. In fact if she tells me, I make her sleep on the opposite side.

Just because we're in the same bed, or same room, it doesn't mean we necessarily have sex or get deeply Intimate unless she's gone wild with the plastics that day. I Reward Behaviour, nothing comes for free. She's staying in the same room as me, so that's ample Reward for her. I'll cover this situation more in due course.

If we're not that Intrmate yet, she goes to the bathroom to change, whilst I change in the bedroom. My belongings get priority in the wardrobes, the cabinets. I decide when we go to sleep. She arranges the wake-up call. She turns the light off.

Like showbusiness, it is always best to leave my audience wanting more of me, rather than letting them eventually decide they have had enough. This is also exactly how I talk to retain intrigue, I avoid flooding hoe's eardrums with excess information. Once we exit the restaurant, attraction, or cinema, I wrap up the evening. Once we have returned from the airport, we immediately go our separate ways. This principle applies universally to contact with hoes.

If a hoe ever looks at her watch or mentions going soon, it means she's had too much of me, I split ASAP. First I indicate that I'm about to go. Any time with me from then onwards is like an encore to her. I would always rather spend two hours less with them than one too many. I keep most Rendezvous to about three, four hours in duration. The only way she can get me for longer is by doing more for me. Whisk me away somewhere nice for a day trip, weekend or a holiday.

She may ask where I'm going when I split. I say I was going to go home, do some work, see a friend or go to the gym. Whatever I was going to do. Nothing she can come back to by saying "Okay, lets do that."

On departing, I let her know that I had a nice enough time to consider another date (referring to any good Behaviour that took place) and enjoyed getting to know her, in *Reciprocation* to her comments. I advise her to call me if she would like to speak or Invite me to come out with her again. Then it's back

to square one. Incoming Calls. She needs to secure herself another Rendezvous with me if she wants one.

If there's something else I'd like her to do for me there and then, I tell her that I enjoyed her company and assumed we were departing, as she hasn't suggested anything. She is therefore prompted to suggest something or depart. She has to get in the mindset where she's asking me everything.

the Balance Of Power - and can therefore stipulate and fulfil her own Wants. This is my rocket guidance system!

The Reward is always appropriate in value to her as her Behaviour was valuable to me, bearing in mind her Potential. Potential is like the formula that allows me to convert her Behaviour into the appropriate Reward. Evaluate whether she continues to receive the same Rewards or she progresses. It's my exchange rate mechanism. If a woman uses one hundred percent of her Potential with me, she will receive the maximum Reward available to *her* at that point in *time*. It's not like *any* hoe that spends £50 gets X, spends £100, she gets Y. Or spending a bales of money on our first dates will ever enable a hoe to bed me.

Two hoes could each fly me business class to New York but it wouldn't mean they are both as sweet as each other. For one it might be something she had to save for for months. So she's a Top Performer. The other could afford to buy me a car. So if I pulled out all the stops for that hoe, who has Potential, I'd have just told her that all she needs to do to fulfil her wildest fantasies is to take me abroad.

In other words, I'm only as sweet as the money. As with everything, she'll learn what gets her the results she wants. Just like humans are conditioned to go into autopilot, hit the nearest wall switch, and expect light, hoes are accustomed to using sex to manipulate because it always works. A mouse that's been used to one maze all its life will soon bump into dead ends in a new one. After she's bumped her nose against the wall a few times, she'll soon start to learn which new paths to the cheese are open. Take a left here, a right there.

Such things as material and financial gains need to be Rewarded to encourage and instil this new pattern of Behaviour into her. She'll become reprogrammed. She will transfer to using money if sex no longer works and spending is enforced. Nothing is more natural to hoes than to manipulate, so it's not difficult.

Hoes don't impress me; they try to impress me.
Paradise

Rewarding Behaviour

*Be as sweet as the scratch, no sweeter,
and always stick a whore for a bundle
before you sex hen Pimp, By Iceberg Slim*

This term sounds as if I am referring to some kind of lab experiment! It really is simple once you get down to the bare principle.

As long as a hoe is Choosing me, she can feel insecure about me, desire increased contact with me, more physical Intimacy, sex, oral sex, to feel closer, to show me off socially, material things, ride in my car, see my lair, holidays together, marriage. It doesn't matter what she wants. I don't need to fulfil her needs. Their absence mushrooms their value. Although it's imperative that I be totally aware of them as they are her motivation.

I compile what I call a "Want List" in my head for each of my women. I omit desires that are against my principles, such as marriage, roses, putting my life story under a microscope, living together, marathon phone calls, visiting her, and nippers. Anything that involves expenditure or conceding the Balance Of Power. Everyone is just slightly different and I need to know what makes each one tick. What I will end up with will be a list of Intimacies, with the odd other specific Want here and there. There is a standard blueprint of one in the next chapter. It's like a Christmas list, with things in order of most Wanted last. Wants act as a kind of rocket fuel! I harness that energy by pointing the rocket in the right direction.

As I am aware of my hoe's List, the importance of each Want to her, I use them as a basis to Reward her for good Behaviour. See, she will be in a frenzy trying to conform to my Contract. Her motivation for this is her need to get me to Choose her so much that she obtains

I act sweeter for a split second, to hint at the Reward, when a hoe says she will do something, but I always get my money in advance. A favour for a favour. Not on credit. Nor can she negotiate or predetermine what she will get. When she buys me the clothes that I mentioned to her, pays for the car insurance, gets me DVDs, takes me out, hands me some money or whatever, I exchange it for the appropriate Reward from her List. This will make her link cause with effect. It will be all the more poignant as I'll be keeping her at a level where she's itching to get further with me all the time. I'm a businessman. My commodity is supreme, fascinating, desire. Not indulgence. Not the kingsize, not money, not oral gymnastics (interpret that how you like!), companionship or unconditional love. I don't deplete rocket fuel faster than it builds up, or I lose remote control and the rocket splutters and plummets down to earth. She's starving. She doesn't get anything she Wants unless I do. She leaps through the hoops. I throw her the odd crumb and she'll flip out! She'll savour it and appreciate it like nothing else. I don't break her off big chunks, then expect her to flip over crumbs again.

Pavlov's Dogs Theory: The named scientist trained dogs to salivate whenever they heard a bell. To condition them so as to obtain this result, he rang a bell prior to feeding them each mealtime.

It is imperative that a Reward is associated as directly as possible with her taking care of me. The best way^to do this is by immediately Rewarding her. I'm talking knee-jerk-reaction immediate, putting your foot down in a Murcielago immediate. This needs to be done consistently, without fail. The connection is initially formed subconsciously, then eventually may be realised semiconsciously by the hoe. It's an unsaid thing.

When a hoe has just paid for my movie ticket, or we're leaving the restaurant on our first few dates, I give her a blast of eye contact or I touch her arm lightly above the elbow as I smile and say thanks. Mention her name. Or I might just say thanks, sexily, leaning real close to her ear. If her Potential is a lot higher, I'm not going to give away anything more Intimate unless some time has elapsed and there are some higher transactions happening.

On later cinema dates a Low Clout hoe may get a kiss on the cheek, after she's earned the privilege to kiss me on the face. Whereas with the Medium Clout hoe, I'll maybe kiss hers when we exit a restaurant, or she gets me something highly desirable. It depends on how much of her Potential she's using. I am concerned with creating a neural, subconscious, connection. I try to respond non-verbally and as indirectly as possible. Stand or sit closer to her. Touch her in a way that could be almost accidental. Link her arm in mine. Quickly squeeze her hand. Briefly put her arm around me. Kiss her. Or simply kiss her cheek after she spoils me.

When an Emotionally exciting object stimulates the subject simultaneously with one not Emotionally exciting, the latter may in time (often after one such joint stimulation) arouse the same Emotional reactions as the former. John B Watson

In certain circumstances it is impractical to instantly Reward Behaviour. You can only get so Intimate in public places without getting arrested! Every time a hoe acts in a highly desirable manner, I need to enforce it strongly by fulfilling a significant Want on her List. I ensure that any time lapse between her favour and my Reward is minimal. Definitely the same day. The longer the time lapse, the less neural, the more intellectually conscious the connection will have to be. Neural association is my goal. Logical recognition is its by-product, I don't wish to encourage its formation. Therefore it's essential that I immediately use a "Bridge" stimulus to directly reinforce Behaviour. A Bridge is a signal of any kind that her nervous system recognises as meaning she has done something correctly and will receive a Reward soon. I have already described some of my repertoire. I will establish it by consistently pairing it with Rewarding Behaviour. After sufficient repetition, the Bridge can be used separately to span the time between her action and the Reward. Like a whale trainer might use a whistle as feedback because the animal could be forty metres away from them, underwater, but they need to let it know which Behaviour was correct.

I will occasionally associate deferred Rewards more consciously with a hoe's Behaviour when I deem necessary. That night when she's creasing the sheets with me, the fact that she's suddenly got "Access All Areas" should click. But I'll tell her how caring and thoughtful she is with me, that she

made me feel good, that I like it when she does such and such, whilst she's sweating like a malaria victim.

Visualise a hoe's brain as having well established highway that her thoughts travel down, in order to arrive at her desired objectives. With me, her thoughts are going to be cruising along. She's going to realise she's on the long road to nowhere. She'll be able to see her desire over between some mountains to the side of her and take a new shortcut, go cross-country, off-road. It'll be bumpy at first. But with time these dirt tracks will become deeper and deeper ruts that would take effort to pull out of. Soon enough she'll commission a spanking new autobahn to be laid down as it is confirmed as the easiest, the fastest and most scenic route to her Wants.

Intimacy

*I don't try to make a bitch's fantasy come true. I want to
be her fantasy. How can I be her fantasy unless I allow her
time to fantasise?
Paradise*

As I highlighted in Front earlier, Sex and Emotion are inseparably intertwined. Sex consists of two elements. The physical and the psychological.

Two guys could perform the exact same physical action with a woman, for example run their hand up her thigh. Guy #1's hand might feel like it's radiating love and affection. Like white-hot magnesium lust searing along her nerves. Make her wetter than a monsoon, send chemicals rushing around her fast enough to split atoms, and blow her mind, as she thinks about and feels what's happening.

Whereas guy #2 doesn't even turn her on with the same light touch, an identical action. She feels uncomfortable, doesn't trust him, thinks he's grotesque, doesn't like her for who she is, just what she is. It wouldn't matter what he did to her, her mind wouldn't be receptive. These opposite reactions are purely due to thought.

Now I'm not detracting from the importance of what one does, just emphasising that the mind is far more powerful. I mean it's so powerful that men and women can even come without physical stimulation! Take wet dreams, premature ejaculation or women coming at the thought of last night.

You could fuck a bitch who's been jocking you for a minute for two hours, and you could fuck a bitch that's been on your nuts for a while for twenty minutes. 77/ bet the second broad will definitely get more out of it. The Kidd

Now check this out. By the time a hoe is allowed to get really physical with me, she will have fantasised about it to the point of obsession. Her desire will have been baking for a long time, like dough in an oven. What happens when it heats up? It expands and rises. You've got to keep that heat on, not open the oven door to check, or reduce the temperature, or it'll sink. Keep it baking and eventually the crust will crack. It creates a lot of motivation. Curiosity *kills* hoes cats! The longer Intimate contact is delayed, the better. And the slower we progress once we venture into this area the better. Everything will be amplified. It's record-breaking foreplay for her. Guinness should list me.

Intimacy is my main method of Rewarding Behaviour. A hoe's Want List will consist nearly exclusively of Intimacies, with the odd other desire dotted here and there. Things like going in my car, taking a photo, entering my house, and spending longer periods of time with me.

^ From the first date, my woman is eligible to get more and more Intimate with me if she acts right. This happens on two levels. Instant, Temporary Intimacy is used for Rewarding Behaviour. Long-Term Intimacy is the general, every-day level of Intimacy we have between us.

Our Long-Term level of Intimacy is way, way behind the Temporary one, so that immediate Behavioural Rewards always contrast immensely against it. Long-term takes into

account how she has been with me over a period of time. It's our day-to-day default level of Intimacy. So, for instance, if she's Performed like a thoroughbred over the last few months, she'll be allowed to kiss me goodbye on the cheek.

If I drew a graph illustrating these two levels of Intimacy, Temporary, to Reward Behaviour, would consist of quick, sharp peaks in a similar manner to those of a polygraph, whenever the hoe was sweet with me. Flatline in between. What she did for me last is yesterday's headlines! Long-Term would show as a gradual, gentle line, shadowing the overall trend of those instant, Temporary peaks and dips.

I have a metaphor for the system I use for Intimacy. Just like at Mc Donald's, a hoe has got to work to earn those "Stars" (Intimacies) one by one in order to be able to progress to the next. Subject to this, she'll come closer to getting some of the old "in and out" in the far and distant future, when she has completed a decent term of service and excels, does something extra. It's all done in tantalising, bitch-breaking, logical order. This is at my discretion though. A true Pimp doesn't need to allow a hoe any major Intimacy to maintain her.

I never initiate any kind of contact unless Rewarding Behaviour. When I do so, I'll either make the first move, then allow her to take the initiative and I'll Reciprocate, or preferably I'll give her the green light by using a Bridge, signalling verbally, or via body language. Often it will be something that she's got iced on previously. I have most of my hoes trained to ask me if they can kiss me, or do anything. It's easy. The first time they go further than they are allowed to, kiss me or touch me, after I've stopped them I'll say, "It would have been nice if you had asked me before, I wish you had asked." Voila!

A hoe that I'd done this with tried to test me when I took the initiative to Reward her on my bed in a sea-side hotel by kissing her. She pointed out that I had kissed *her* without asking (it's the highest form of flattery when these hoes try to emulate me). I looked her dead in the eyes and told her that *she* had started the kiss several months ago, but she never finished it until now because I wasn't ready for her to.

Here's a rough outline of a standard Wants List. I start off with basic Intimacies. It is not set in stone. In individual circumstances certain Stars could be rearranged. Note how the majority can be classified as merely "friendly" Behaviour. It is essential to execute Rewards and recoil from unwelcome advances in a way that leaves a hoe certain that I'm indifferent, that I possess the Power.

*1 My company. Taking me out for up to a few hours. *2

Expressions. Brief smiles.

*3 Entering her personal space or allowing her to enter mine for short periods.

*4 Light Tactileness. Briefly, lightly, touching on the arm, back, hand.

*5 Brief eye-to-eye.

*6 Allowing her to briefly kiss my cheek.

*7 My company on all-day activities. Day trips.

- *8 Allowing her to briefly link arms.
- *9 Allowing her to briefly hug.
- *10 Kissing her on the cheek.
- *11 Briefly linking arms with her.
- *12 Briefly hugging her.
- *13 My company on overnight weekend breaks.
- *14 Prolonged eye-to-eye.
- *15 She may briefly kiss me on the lips.
- *16 Allowing her to squeeze my hand, hold briefly.
- *17 Kissing her briefly on the lips.
- *18 Squeezing her hand and holding briefly.
- *19 Allowing her to give brief kisses.
- *20 Allowing her access to touch my upper body. Massage my feet or back.
- *21 Lengthier, deeper kisses.
- *22 My company on holidays.

I price high. I sell in low quantities. A hoe could brag she has the most expensive pussy on earth. However, my dick is priceless! I want to stagger a hoe's progression. She could sleep in my bed, but she won't be allowed to touch! The more stages I can break things down into the better. Stars cannot be skipped. They have to be worked through, like you're not eligible to become a supervisor at Mc Donald's unless you have four Stars. When a hoe does something that warrants *10, lets say she gives me a £250, but she's currently only reached *2, she will make progress. To *3, maybe *4 as well. Whereas if she had already worked her way up to *10, she will get *10 again and again, each time she gives me £250. She can only earn new Stars by doing something worth £300 or more.

I have had hoes for years that have yet to get some ^urban legend." Some may never do. I don't get into stabbing her out until she's completed a massive set of Stars. Each more Intimate than the last. Even then, there are infinite variables to play with. One can't Pimp without dick control. I'm getting paid because of what she Wants, not what she gets. It is too true that in life happiness is in the journey, it's not a destination.

In addition to retaining the Balance Of Power, Vanity, and motivating the hoe to act how I want, stabbing her out and sexual Intimacy only when she's generous means that it will be very special. I must cater for her mind, give her time to think. If you could eat your dream meal every day, how would you then feel about it? Imagine how you would feel being accepted for a job after training for a year, filling in an eight page application, enduring four days of psychometric tests, interviews and practical assessments - and then how you'd conduct yourself whilst on a probationary one day contract.

Hoes will always try and get a freebie. When we Rendezvous, it's often apparent girls are itching to hug or kiss.

Sometimes their arms move slightly, like zombies. I'm not ready to get Intimate, she hasn't done anything for me yet except turn the fuck up. I greet them stood at a distance. I don't face her with my body too, if I feel that the distance alone is insufficient to refrain her.

Kissing a hoe on the second or third date is inconceivable. My mere presence is Reward enough for the time being. Remember how I told you what brings fronting to a conclusion? Hoes often front all evening, then suddenly pounce right at the end of the night, when they get desperate as we say goodbye. I transform it into a quick air peck with an evasive manoeuvre, as they home in on my lips. I don't even "air kiss" her cheek. For the subsequent few Rendezvous minimum, she will get no further than a little pecking, if she continues to act right with the waddage.

After some instant Intimacy, a hoe will occasionally assume that she's broken me in. She may mistake a Temporary Reward as a new Long-Term level of Intimacy. I don't let her get all tactile with me all of a sudden after a little Intimacy has taken place. It's DONT TOUCH like wet paint! Should she Want to hold my hand in the street, rest her leg against mine under the table, slob me, or cuddle impromptu, she'll get nowhere, unless Long-Term Intimacy or Rewarding Behaviour allows it. When her hands start roaming too far as we kiss, I check her instantly. I ease her paw back somewhere tamer, or to really get her cat and mouth foaming like rabies, ice the whole thing. Clearly define her boundaries, demonstrate that Intimacy is Performance-related, with hardly a word.

If we've reached a stage where she's doing great consistently, our Long-Term level will have risen accordingly. I still want to keep her hungry, so when we depart she *might* be able to get her arms around me for a second, should she grab my hand over the dinner table, I'll squeeze hers for a few seconds before releasing it. She can lean against me, or I let her embrace me for a long moment before cutting her loose.

In any scenario, I have some vocab. on cue, ready to flip. My favourites go something like "I know we kissed the last time we saw each other. But that was then. It felt right, but right now I feel like getting to know you some more."

"We will always be friends more than we are anything else. I put that first and foremost. Nothing is more important/'

"I'm only just getting to know you."

"I was comfortable with what we were doing."

"Don't take me for granted. But you *can* take for granted that I'll always be your friend if you're always showing me you are like you do."

"Let's take our time and really get to know each other. I'm not easily tactile with people, but when I am it means more than someone who is all the time with everyone."

"Let's not rush. I want to feel right. Let's let things develop naturally. Give me a little time."

"This isn't the right time or place." To hint at better Rendezvous. It's like I'm parodying classic bitch Behaviour! Check out some of those stereotypical "guy coming on to girl" scenes in the movies!

Desire is the very essence of man.
Baruch Spinoza

The Law Of Reciprocation II

*Get lots, give a little, then get lots more.
The Kidd*

It is now relevant to explain how the Law Of Reciprocation applies to my relationships with my stable.

I shall say this once only and only once. There's no Reciprocation when it comes to the queen's faces. I Reward Behaviour instead.

My hoes pay as close to one hundred percent of all expenses as possible. When a woman makes me hers, she gets the company of a handsome, immaculate, fun, sexy, happy, intelligent, lavish, deep, sensitive, Powerful, ambitious, consistent, sincere, caring man with principles, who's like no other on the planet. I give a hoe something priceless - my time - so she doesn't *really* care if I don't spend on her. Especially if her Clout is higher. Hoes with less Clout initially Want me to spend on them. But once they get some understanding, they'll be more than ecstatic tripping off me, the way they can feed their own Clout and Vanity through enhancing mine, their association with me and trying to weave their way into my life. They can deal with symps any old time to indulge themselves too. Women want a man they can respect and spend money on.

Some men foolishly believe that when a woman volunteers to pay or split bills, she can't be a hoe. That she has passed some kind of "hoe test." She may be genuine, but even a half-wit hoe could take me out for dinner all year, never let me pay a penny, not front and treat me like royalty. Deception is a hoe weapon. She's not perturbed about spending chips, she's playing for the big jackpot. What does spending ten grand matter to her if it wins a gold-digger-conscious businessman over and he then buys her whatever she Wants out of sympathy and guilt, then marries her?

The only money I have spent with any of my current Top Performers is the cost of petrol for me to travel to Rendezvous. I may very occasionally take care of something small when in the company of a hoe with higher Clout than I. It's no big deal, but it must be insignificant in relation to her Performance with me. This is my "1% Rule." This simple formula allows me to gauge what's appropriate. Things like shall I buy aperitifs, whilst she's in the cloakroom could be circumnavigated by establishing a tab. But there may be times when I'm asked for a small favour. She's out of change, do I have any for the parking meter? The answer is easy. Hoes with less Clout than I would get nothing but checked like a chessboard.

I never give anything for Symp Day. I'm not seeking anyone's affections. Friends don't send each other Valentine cards. She can send me one and give me a present if she feels the inclination.

I'm busy on Symp day, birthdays and at Symp-Max-Time. Hoes can take me out on a different day - let them wonder. Long established Top Performers may simply receive a birthday, Christmas or get well card like any friend. It'll be friendly or fun. Nothing romantic or sympish. I don't sign it "Love from" or slap X's all over it.

I'm Pimping, hoes will accept a little Intimacy as a more than adequate Reward for their services. All she will get is her Behaviour Rewarded. But if I ever got a higher Clout hoe a gift (subject to my 1% Rule) it shouldn't relate to activities both of us can participate in, or convey "The Balance Of Power is now yours." all over it. Never perfume, jewellery, lingerie, clothes, chocolates, flowers, theatre tickets, weekend breaks, hotel stays. It should relate to a subject of interest to her.

When my women pay me compliments, I receive them with the slight indifference of someone who doesn't believe them (prove it hoe) and has heard it before, yet with appreciation for her openness. This is a golden opportunity to Package that she needs to do something to show me she means what she says. That actions speak louder. "That's nice of you to say. I'm not sure though. I don't know what to say. I suppose it's hard to believe, but when you do [highlight good Behaviour] I kind of believe what you say to me." Or harder, "My sentimental side wants to believe you, but then my sensitive side knows that it would show if you really thought that. But instead you [highlight bad Behaviour]. I'd rather you tell me through how you *are* with me than by *saying* these things. People's actions speak a thousand words."

I Reciprocate accordingly. I don't return compliments like a robot every time that I receive them. Nor do I compliment her as directly as she does me. When I do, instead of massaging her Vanity about her physical virtues, or marvelling (encouraging) how she's spent money on herself instead of *me*, my Reciprocation consists exclusively of compliments on characteristics that I wish to encourage. The best things she has done for me, the things I most appreciate, reinforcing desired Behaviour. I will remark that I thought it was sweet the other day when she asked me if I wanted an ice cream as we passed a shop. She seems a caring person. She made me feel good inside when she gave me that money for the ring. It was thoughtful of her to ask me where I'd like to go this autumn. I felt closer to her when she took me skiing. When she took me to the Oriental in Bangkok. When we dined at Jules Verne's. I like that she is intelligent, independent, and has initiative. A woman without initiative is the biggest turnoff to me. I like that she thinks about things, is considerate and sensitive to me. I like that she plans things. She is so thoughtful with me when she gets me things I have mentioned. That each time she does these things it tells me that she's my friend so she never need say anything to me.

I only compliment a hoe regarding her appearance if she specifically asks me for my opinion. When I do so, I don't rant like a drooling sex-starved rapist. My comments are not sexually charged. She looks smart. Takes good care of her hair. That she applies her makeup well and varies her style. She has taste in her clothes and colour schemes. Her nails are nicely manicured. She has a nice smile. Nice eyes. She seems to have good standards of hygiene.

Only when I'm specifically asked what's sexy on her, if her ass is too fat or if she should loose some weight, do I talk about it. I tell her the truth. I point out to her that I go off how she is with me. Not off her weight. I tell hoes that I like them for how they are, not what they are. They could be slimmer, fatter, white, black, purple, short, tall, married, divorced, have

a child, have one leg, three eyes, I either *like* them as a person or I *don't*, right? I need to Package to her what I am watching, which isn't her ass; it's those *actions*, those *transactions* more specifically! I also tell her that it's a matter of personal opinion and hers is the one that counts more than mine or anyone else's. As it's her body, she should feel happy with herself. Women instinctively try to improve their looks to gain the Balance Of Power anyway. I don't need to talk about their looks. I want this, "I wanna' be liked" motivation to fuel investment in me, not on herself. Spending on me means more Clout, which in turn means I can Copp *more* hoes.

To sustain Power drainage, it's good to check a hoe's Vanity if she's too stuck up, or goes beyond fishing for physical compliments, and starts trawling! This Packages to her that I have discerning standards.

"Sometimes your hair doesn't look as if you've paid as much attention to it as others. Your nails would look more refined if they were neater; they're not very presentable. There are some occasions when you should apply your makeup with more care. You often look tired. I think blue jeans are very common, casual and unthoughtful. I was surprised to see your shoes were a little scuffed. Your accent's a little coarse. Do you know grammar is sometimes incorrect, do you read much?" Or out of the blue ask something puzzling, offering no explanation, like how often does she floss? How many hours sleep does she usually get? Does she have any degrees? What shampoo does she use?

Letting a hoe catch me looking poker faced, directly at her vulnerable spots is one of my classics. Hoes will often have insecurity complexes about things like a scar, blemish, or their stomach's size. They'll often position their hands over it, especially after meals, or if stood at a distance. This non-verbal Vanity checker comes highly recommended, with a lifetime guaranteed to pull the plug on any hoe's Power.

At the end of the day, when I say these things and she dangles bait to draw some affirmation from me with "I'm a mess today aren't I? This picture of me is awful. These stockings are terrible. You make me feel bad about myself. If I'm so bad, why are you out with me?" she already knows, but I'll advise her "I wouldn't accept your company, I wouldn't come out if I wasn't comfortable in it. The fact I'm here speaks for itself. It sounds selfish, but I never do anything I don't want to. Therefore things I do carry weight. Everything I say is the truth, it's sometimes what we want to hear, sometimes not, but it's never wrong. The truth is rare and valuable."

Permissible Long-Term Intimacy is Reciprocated zero to twenty-five percent and as with all Reciprocation, kept as near to non-existent as possible.

When I Reward Behaviour, I initiate Temporary Intimacy and she must take control and try and get what she can, or I give the right signals to her, then she seduces me. This means I might kiss her for a few seconds, but from then on it's her tongue in my mouth, she's kissing me, as I lean backwards to lure her, she's leaning towards me or over to me. My clothes don't come off unless they're *taken* off. She undresses me, she gets over me, pogos me, rides me like a rodeo. I'm seductively "lazy" - a hoe trips off what she can do to me.

Women have it so good that if men think of sex, they automatically think of stabbing out the woman whilst she lies back and enjoys the ride. In fact there are many women that go their whole lives never even knowing how to have sex, because they relinquish it to men. Yet women have got men all jumpy about their sexual prowess. I can't even count the number of references in the Matrix to women faking orgasms and being dissatisfied in bed, which is fine, but I'm all about equality. You ever want to put fire up a hoe's ass and break her down, you tell her sincerely and considerately that she can't really make love. That'll deliver off-the- Richter-scale iprain damage for a long, long time. Because it's likely to be the truth.

A hoe should be toning her muscles, twisting like the Exorcist on a Pimp, trying to impress him and stand out from her stable. This is the mindset my hoes are in; it's only natural since all the necessary ingredients are there. I give her zero to twenty-five percent of not what she does to me back, but what Rewarding Behaviour and Long Term Intimacy allow me to do. A hoe can't expect to get head unless she's done it four times *and* it's in accordance with Rewarding Behaviour. Amen.

Wealth Front & Clout

If a cat hits on his rib for a grand & he ain't got nothing worth a grand, the bitch can tell him he couldn't need it, he just wanted it. But if a cat pulled up sharp, wearing ice & driving a new Cadillac, he could need a G for a number of things, because he'd represent thirty G without saying a word.

Andrew Stonewall Jackson

"Is that watch real?"

"Yeah, the hands go around and everything."

When somebody remarks about Wealth Front or Clout I thank them genuinely, frankly and casually. I don't make a conversation of it unless they do. It's only an object. If they ask how much an item was, I state that I don't recall, I have owned it quite a while.

Email: Thanks for your mail. So, really being nosey now, how much money do you make? How much rent do you pay? Give me some figures!/!!!! I wanna know. Cos you drive around in an expensive car, not like my Ford Escort. Or are you one of these people who as soon as they get their money they spend it on cars and CDs and things? I'll write maybe later or tomorrow, ok.

Personally I go subzero, internally of course, when bitches are attempting to assess my finances on the sneak. Certain hoes even have the audacity to enquire how much money I make. I take it like this: Just think when she's on my team! She knows it's out of order, bad etiquette. She can evidently see if I'm broke or not. It's a test. I answer in an appropriately uninformative manner to let her know I'm not a symp, such as, "Well I'm from almost nothing to almost something. Enough for the lifestyle that I have, not enough for the lifestyle that I would like. I don't have any left to light cigars with on my own island when I'm done each month." Or something along the lines of, "I beg your pardon/" Or to be blunt, ignore her question with an icy silence, and continue talking. I would put a hoe on the defence, grill her about *her* Clout, if she had less than I. I use a hoe's fascination with my Wealth Front and Clout as an opener to cut into her ambitious side if she has less Clout. Then Manage her.

Someone was asking me if I carry a large bankroll on me for hoes to witness. I'm a 21st Century Fox; my women are more likely to see a cross-eyed, albino dodo flying through the sky than ever see me reach into my pocket. However, if I was out and about solo, cashiers and onlookers would spot a roll. In my opinion, an ostentatious, perhaps suspicious, wad of money is usually the wrong way to strengthen my Front, because it can look contrived. Strictly Low Clout hungry bitches and JSA hoes will be affected in the right way by the sight of waddage and they'll start showing me more interest than my ISA. Asking questions like they're Chris Tarrant.

My personal preference is to use my platinum or charity cards. They say more than a fat bankroll. Till- tappers dig the platinum, man. They don't just check for the signature on the back. They turn the plastic over a few times, checking it out good, whilst I sign the slip. Look close and you can see their pupils morph into \$ \$. I carry what is most useful and

advantageous to me. I don't do anything to impress hoes, further than being myself.

The more Clout one has, the easier a hoe gets into the mindset that she's got to prove her self. I'm solvent. If I'm refusing to pay for something, or checking her on something, a hoe can invariably see that it's my principles and feelings that are the issue, rather than actual money being a problem. A hoe is desperate to get at my feelings like a wino without a corkscrew. She'll spend. I never go for the, "I can't afford to" angle. Players and squares ask hoes for sympathy. Hoes ask Pimps what they can do for them.

Money attracts money in other ways too. Stinking Front and Clout demonstrates to hoes that I am competent at attaining and Managing money. Therefore Low Clouters are more likely to seek and consider my Management, my advice and judgement on their own financial situations.

Hoe's egos love successful people or people with evident Potential. The larger you are, the more money you go through. A wino with a grand would consider himself as having a cash surplus available to spend. A hoe would easily be able to see I can eat up over a grand on clothes like that. That my car costs to run. I go to a health club. Foreign and domestic travel. All sorts. My lifestyle consumes a lot of waddage. What I tend to do is Package the following attitude to hoes: Although I might be well off in terms of income, material possessions, investments, assets and have no loans or finance, I don't have money to take women out and spend on them because everything else comes first. I've got my priorities. I don't have enough money to buy myself everything I want, so they aren't even in the picture. If I did have debts, then of course I'd be paying them off. Furthermore, I'm sensitive to how people are with me. I like women to show they like me and spoil me. I can't see this if I don't give them opportunity to.

This maintains my Clout and conceit whilst it encourages my hoes to be sweet.

Wait Training

Pristine desire is forged in the crucible of torture.

The purest joy is in great anxiety relieved.

Trick Baby, by Iceberg Slim

Hoes will try to run things at their pace. I took my first countermeasure in my Contract, by explaining that I lead a busy lifestyle. In this chapter I'm going deeper into how I lead my life at my pace and use my time as I please whilst managing a large stable.

I determine the value of my time by making it scarce. Therefore I can pitch it against what a hoe does to Reward her. Because I value myself and my time, hoes do too. Every time a hoe Wants something, she has to Wait that little longer. I guarantee her Power will be drained like a bathtub and I will be on that woman's mind even more. And that's where I want to be. Anticipation is over half of pleasure. And it makes it more special.

As a rule of thumb, unless I have a full stable, no matter how many women are involved with me, I plan my time with my hoes as if I'm dealing with many more women. I allow for my personal free time as well. This means that my current stable don't restrict my time, or opportunities to make new Copps. Girlfriends and boyfriends, husbands and wives see each other every day. Strangle each other's lives. I'm fair, honest and consistent with my hoes from day one. When my stable increases it has no effect on my current relationships. I never have a Miss I-See-You-Every-Few-Days suddenly wondering what's happened and I won't be answering phone calls every two minutes! None of my hoes have Wait problems. I go on holiday when I please, they can Wait until I'm back. Oh, but they *can't* Wait!

It's also good that the hoes understand that I'm not a doctor. I'm not on call. They cannot ring me up to arrange an impromptu meeting later that night, the following day or any time during the next few days.

Good things come to those who Wait. I allow a hoe time to wonder what I'm doing in the meantime, why I'm not rushing over to see her before she's hung up, to think about our date and me, time for her mind to fantasise. How can I be a hoe's fantasy unless I allow her time to fantasise? This is how I can be taking her to the "final frontier" whilst she's taking me to Paris!

How are Direct Debits advertised? "Don't worry - it's taken care of!" I keep the frequency of all Rendezvous irregular. I take bookings one at a time. I don't entertain arrangements to Rendezvous repeatedly on set days. When a hoe asks to, I explain that I would prefer that she specifically wished to see me each time she does. Rather than because it's arranged. I know she *feels* as if she would always like to see me. But one can't apply their present feelings indefinitely to the future. Time reveals all, tells it's own tale. Let's see how we go. If they and I still wish to meet and always feel the same, then cool. It will be nice. I prefer to know that I'm wanted and that she feels comfortable to, each time we meet. They can't steal the Balance Of Power.

I allow my Top Performers to see me once a fortnight at the max, if they're requesting dates that often. If they would like to do so much for me, I don't want to miss out. A typical average Performer gets to date me a little less frequently, if they are wanting to.

My other tactic is to meet a little later than hoes want, so they don't consume my whole evening or day and they can enjoy the anticipation. Also, every so often a hoe will find I can't meet on the date she wishes, due to a prior commitment. This will be anything from seeing a friend, a date, shopping, family occasion, party, gym, to free time to myself. It doesn't have to sound important. I'm being honest about things. My life's so full it's increasingly necessary for me to fit normally trivial activities in.

As far as maintenance is concerned, I am not a chatline available to contact at leisure, twenty-four- seven. I will be busy doing things. Women can't expect to dial my number and hear my voice whenever they get the inclination. Ninety-nine percent of calls to me are arranged in advance, out of courtesy, to ensure that I'm free. Unscheduled calls go unanswered. They will learn. I'm occupied. I'm busy. They need to catch my attention.

I don't read texts or check my voicemail until I have time to. My telephone has no power over me. I always advise a hoe from the outset that I will respond to her in my own time when she contacts me, and to bear with me if she doesn't receive an immediate reply, but she will always get one. It's just a matter of when. And that is beautifully unpredictable! I could not respond to messages for days, let them wonder what I'm up to. It's all part of keeping them on their toes, working to get my attention and keeping them way down on the Balance Of Power. I don't ever let a hoe think she's too important. My life and my desires always come first.

4 I normally respond to text messages and voicemail during the following couple of days, when I have the time. Normally on weekday lunchtimes or early evening for Packaging reasons. I reply to emails less frequently. They can send messages as often as they wish, I'll only write one reply, when I get around to it. This allows a hoe to communicate with me and for me to stay at the forefront of her mind. Especially since she knows I always reply, but never when I will.

When she tests, I'll explain "I like to give whatever I'm doing my full, undivided attention. I don't enjoy feeling rushed, or my mind being distracted. That's how I can be so busy, yet still enjoy my life. When I'm out with people, including you, I don't use my mobe. So just like I might be busy when you text me, when I do respond to you, I will be focused on replying to you and thinking about what you wrote to me." I never reply straight away. I set the standards. She wants me to move at her pace. Wrooong! She soon gets the picture that I'm a busy person and that she must fit into my life.

For maintenance I don't tend to let hoes telephone me (Incoming Calls) or chat on the net within at least seven days of the last time. I never initiate contact through any other

method than the one already established by my women. If I have Copped on the net and blessed her with my email address and she writes, or in a club and bestowed upon her my number and she texts me, I respond through the same medium. The onus is on her to bring about the transition from written notes, texts, email and net chat, to speaking, then to meeting in future, if she wishes. Just like I normally Wait for her to move from formal to informal topics of conversation.

Email: I'm sorry but I'm gonna have to send you this. I just can't stop myself I would love to talk to you on the phone but I'm scared to in a way. Would you like to talk on the phone with me? Maybe you're thinking "This girl's blowing this whole email and chat thing out of proportion, she's making this out to be something that it simply isn't". Well I guess you'd be right but because it's the most enormous tease it's like it's built something up inside me so big now yet I can't actually have it. It's not quite real, and here I am again, thinking about you a lot today and just can't find the discipline to leave you alone for one night. So sorry. I'm not the sort of person at all who doesn't give anyone breathing space, honestly, so please don't worry. It's just that chatting and emailing you is the next best thing to "being" with you, and right now I just can't get enough of it. So there you have it, a self confessed [Paradise] seeker! I'm actually surprised at myself for wanting this so much. You know that I could talk to you again all evening tonight don't you, or tomorrow or the next day! Ah well. Good thoughts though.

Evidence II

*I don't worry about my women.
They worry about me.
Unknown*

Each hoe's actions tell her story. I totally disregard what comes out of her mouth unless it correlates to what comes out of her purse. I will know her inside out. I'll recognise changes in her Behavioural patterns and in the amount of fronting and testing that takes place. These are logical extension of those in my first essay, so I shall be brief.

There is a cause for every effect. Night-time and weekend emails, voicemail and texts mean a hoe isn't getting any action.

Jealous Behaviour is positive Evidence, keeping a hoe's mind occupied, acting like a swamp foundation on which she can't build her Power, and promoting competitiveness. Over-jealous means she hasn't got her orientation with regards to the Balance Of Power, she needs some Packaging and checking.

Alterations in appearance or conduct further down the line are good Power barometers too. Should they start rationing the makeup, stop smelling like a French whore, wear more casual attire, turn up on time for dates (instead of early) or stop crying when we split, I would know that they are feeling too secure, Choosing me less.

After I've informed hoes what I find stylish and what looks unrefined, when they ask me, it's reassuring to see it manifest itself. When hoes speak of looking through our older emails, storing my text messages for months or use "we" and futuristic references, I know she's stuck like a limpet.

One-word or one-sentence answers when we're talking signal impending testing, unless she's reacting like that because I'm blowing her mind with something I'm saying.

A decrease in a hoe's frequency of contact with me indicates that she is Choosing me less, or testing me out. There is often likely to be a new symp on the scene, a new female friend, or she will be feeling she has too slim a chance of being my woman. This is covered in "Bolting."

My reader, I have never seen anyone in a movie as talented at acting as some of these hoes, believe me, I would nominate 'em anytime. They could convince the most suspicious cynic that shit doesn't stink, if it was in their interest to do so. Although I never trust anyone one hundred percent (I only trust myself ninety-nine percent) I trust my hoes to a degree. The only thing you can really trust a hoe on is that she will be a hoe.

Nowadays I find it a cinch to know when a hoe is bullshitting me. I have ESP. But this comes with observation and experience. To elaborate on it would consume half of this book. What I can tell you instead is there are a few basic methods that help me pick up on vibes.

One is if a hoe's lips are moving. Naw, seriously, the main one I use is something that can be observed at any time. It's completely visual. When we access different parts of our brain, our eyes instinctively look in certain directions. One way when we recall information, facts from memory. Another when we

use our mind creatively to invent, to imagine, to tell tales. In case the subject has pre-prepared a cover, it's necessary to ask unexpected questions, to get obscure details.

To use this technique, I suggest watching and noting someone's eyes during conversation, as you first ask them a few questions about or observe them talking about easily recalled facts. Then watch as you tentatively try them on something. To train, select the cast interviews on one of your DVDs, sit back and observe.

Packaging

Pimping is like a game of chess. You must think first; before you move.
Unknown

"Packaging" is how I communicate with my hoes. An expert Pimp is an expert communicator.

Hoes aren't looking for the messages that I want to send them. Their antennas are twitching eagerly to confirm Intimacy, honesty, privacy, patience, curiosity and respect as weakness, fear, and conformity to their needs: It's all about the Balance Of Power.

I have to ensure hoes really understand me, what I'm saying and what I'm about. I have to kind of think for my hoes. I don't inform them what's going on in my head, or confide in them about my Pimping. I let hoes know what they need to know: How to get on well with me. This is exemplified throughout the book. My principles are steadfast, I don't adapt myself to anyone, but I do adapt my communication. I Package my words and actions so that they are expertly tailored to their particular recipient and circumstance. I devise my actions carefully so that they aren't misinterpreted. Then I send.

I kill all flirting. It leaves you with about as much Power as an eastern European car. I'm the one saying "Don't call me babe, call me by my name." Sitting in a booth in a nightclub, a friend of a friend of a friend suddenly walked up and slid onto my lap. Her hand resting right next to the kingsize. She had never even spoken to me before. Without a motion, I commanded into her ear "Look, I don't know you, but if you want to get to know me, get up, sit next to me and we can talk." I also handle requests for drinks diplomatically. "Who do you think you're talking to? Go and get some guy to buy you a drink, then, if that's not all you're about, if you can make decent conversation, come back here." I could get her to hoe a drink for me too.

When a hoe says "I missed you, did you miss me?" I reply that I have been rather busy, my mind is constantly on what I'm doing, like it's on us now. It's nice to be out with her in this restaurant now. Or I thought of her when I put on the shirt she sponsored. A hoe is only guaranteed my attention when she's with me.

Should hoes discuss us doing something in the future, I insert the following phrases into my replies. "If we are still friends then..." Or "If I get to know you better..." Or, "If we continue to get along like we are doing..." This way hoes know that they have to keep up the good work: They haven't got the Balance Of Power. They know our relationship is only as good as what they are doing for me here and now.

I don't leave items of mine in my hoe's vehicles, or allow a hoe to lend me things or leave articles behind at my house, because it would give her assurance that we will meet again. I keep her head as deflated as possible.

A hoe may notice that I often don't carry my mobe with me when I'm out with her. She may note that I don't tell her all the gory details about my other hoes; that there's a limit to what I will discuss. She may mistake this privacy for fear. That I'm trying to hide my other women and Intimacy from her in

some way. I don't carry my 'phone because I don't want to be interrupted, like I wouldn't want to have a knock on the door when I was in bed with someone. I ensure hoes understand this through general conversation. With regards to sexual revelations, I don't hide the fact I have sex with other hoes, but view any detail is violating my own and my other hoe's privacy. They should respect my discretion. It also applies to them.

Next we come to honesty. Hoes will, by nature, lie and front. It's what first-class hoes do. It's no stress to me. And why shouldn't they test to see if I'm the real Mc Coy in this symp world in which we live? I don't let a hoe know every time she lies to me. I decide in each individual case. For example there may be no point telling a hoe that she is lying about having sex with someone. She will interpret it as jealousy. I'll respond to her as if she was telling the truth. I'll tell her I'm happy for her. But if it is not to my detriment, I Fire a hoe who has lied to me.

As a rule, I don't care what my hoes do and how they are with people in terms of integrity and respect, except with me. It's their business. I don't need to know everything my hoe has done, with whom and when, since she last met me. Requesting much detail without her volunteering it can broadcast the wrong signals. A hoe will open up to me as far as she feels comfortable doing. It's my job to know what's going on in my women's minds, not their soap opera worlds. If I know their mind then I know how to handle them.

Hoes will occasionally volunteer anecdotes about dates with male friends. It's a pathetic attempt to obtain Power. Whether they are lying or honest, my reaction is the same. I'll tell them, "Have a really nice night. Have a cool - or even hot - time!" It obliterates their Power, shows I'm a good friend and demonstrates my integrity.

Hoes will enquire about others in my stable. However nosy they want to be about my female friends, I will tell it like it is. She might ask if I've had sex with any of them. I'll reply "I go out with them sometimes. Occasionally things do happen. Yes." Or tell her she needs to know me better to ask me those kind of questions. Should she ask when the last time I had some "cardiovascular" was, I'll tell her recently. Now she can act how she wants, go silent, get upset, turn on the waterworks, pretend she's cool and talk about other guys to me, whatever. She knew from day one that I date and have female friends. It's all a fronting game to deduce if she's got any Power. When she realises that she's not able to manipulate me, she'll stop. She'll get no reaction. In fact she'll get the opposite. I might display mild doubt that she's eligible for me. There's no way a hoe feels secure enough to start to lay down terms with me. Friends don't do that. We're friends and if she stepped over that line, I didn't ask her to. I could say, "I'm fine to answer anything. Honesty is important to me. Remember it's you asking me the questions. I thought we were getting along, becoming friends, but friends don't act like this. Sex isn't bad, it's good, fun, special and intimate and if a friend of mine is happy I feel good for them that they are." I do this in the tone that they aren't compatible as my friend. In my experience, within minutes the hoe is back to her old self again, flirting, chatting, and asking me out. If not she can go home or race me to hang up the phone and call back when she's composed herself and wants to show some due respect.

As a follow up to her pathetic games, when the hoe next starts to make a move on me, I recoil or freeze her just as she's closing in on my lips. I'll flip something along the lines of, "I know how you were the other day, you said you felt bad. I don't want our friendship to be damaged. I don't want unhappy people around me." No prizes for guessing the next words to escape her mouth in response! This amusing manoeuvre prods her to acknowledge in no uncertain terms that she accepts my Contract. It bumps up my Power. It enforces the fact that although the transition from friends to friends who kiss has taken place, it is simply that. She cannot mistake it for a transition of Power. It's duck's ass tight.

I am as direct in my response to challenges or questions as they are to me. Everything is indirect. I send my Package across to her extremely tacitly. Let's say I might be thinking that she's testing for the Balance Of Power, she's desperate to get some "urban legend," she's immature, or that she's lying about her sex life or Clout. I don't say so. Disclosing my own understanding of a hoe on a manipulative level brings no advantage. Telling your opponent you understand their tactics is foolish. It pollutes a hoe's information pool.

Hoes also see if they can draw sympathy from a Pimp with their superb thespian skills. Feigning fear, being upset or with crocodile tears. They get no applause. No Reward. If she ever drags it up I put her on the defence, telling her how she spoilt the evening and she was too absorbed in herself. If she had the waterworks turned on because I tested out on something, I highlight that she wasn't listening to me and because of that, she had upset herself and that distanced her from me. She turned me off her. What about how I felt when she acted like that? However if there is some allowable external reason for my hoe to be upset, I'm there for her to talk to and lean on. I empathise with a hoe if warranted, I never sympathise.

Offence is the best defence.
Paradise

When checking a hoe, it is necessary to be aware of who is on the offensive and who is on the defensive. The latter stance is never successful and is used only by the party lacking Power. Although I don't initiate confrontation, because from day one things are always as I desire, I'm never defensive when tested. I put the spotlight on her character, highlight my Contract, talk about my feelings, what I think and what I want.

Once one is aware that a hoe is always trying to make herself the centre of conversation it is very simple to avoid Reciprocating her selfish remarks and force her to defend herself and concede. As I have said elsewhere: Swift checking is effective, conversation is inappropriate.

Testing takes many forms. If a hoe doesn't call me when she says so, I don't waste my time cursing her. I don't chump off my time calling hoes. I have free time to utilise. I'm *seriously* laid back like the Malibu adverts. If she contacts me in future, she will be advised I didn't mind that we didn't speak. I went out and had a good time, but I *did* mind that she didn't take seriously the necessity to keep her word with me. She'll get checked like an abandoned car outside the UN,

but I'm not going to throw a tantrum about it; that would display Emotional Dependency.

I'm now going to describe one of the exercises that I undertake only for the purpose of enhancing my own pleasure. No no no, hold on! Anyway, its secondary benefit is that it will twist a hoe's brain badly.

A hoe is intent on feeding her Vanity. She has the Power munchies! How do you think a hoe would be affected by not being able to control me in bed? How would you think she would react to being told (physically or verbally) "You can fuck me for two hours, three hours. You aren't going to make me come."

That's just the Packaging side effect of an exercise that allows one to orgasm for prolonged periods of time, and to do so repeatedly. Not to mention enhancing the blood flow to the dick and therefore its hardness and sensitivity. All augmenting one's enjoyment of sex.

The exercise is the flexing of the prostate muscle, which is located at the very base of the male sexual organ. It's the muscle we can use to stop urine flow when in the toilet. It can be felt underneath the surface of the skin when flexed. The prostate can be tightened in exactly the same manner to prevent ejaculation, but it must be developed in order that it is strong enough to constrain harder, and for a longer period of time. We're talking from several seconds to a minute, the longer the better, since it allows multiple climaxes without coming and the temporary loss of hardness.

In order to develop the strength of the muscle, it's necessary to repeatedly flex it. Small sets to warm up, then sets of longer, slower, strong flexes to obtain complete control of the muscle.

The good thing about the exercise is that it can be performed virtually anywhere! You need not be turned on. It doesn't infringe on one's free time. It can be practised driving home from work or sat watching television. Apparently it also lowers one's chances of contracting prostate cancer too.

Top Performance

There are only two reasons why a beggar begs. Firstly they know it gets results. The other reason is even more important. They are so desperate to receive, that they adopt a "by any means necessary" mode so their vanity, their fronting, is conquered by desire. As always, this is enabled through repression. Scarcity = Preciousness. Paradise

Once fundamental Behavioural protocol has been established between us, I allow hoes to develop our relationship by being nicer to me. It's time for some Top Performance. Lets look at the psychological and practical aspects of a hoe spending on me.

Virtually everything you have read up to this point creates the necessary climate to cultivate Top Performance from my women. This will naturally evolve over a period of time, purely through placing a high value on myself and my time, and Rewarding Behaviour, because I'm worth it like L'Oreal. My reinforcement to being bought popcorn at the cinema will encourage a hoe to offer me Ben n' Jerry's next time, to which my reaction will make her more likely to get me the DVD I'm looking at in the foyer store afterwards. The spending gradually avalanches. When she does nothing, I do nothing. It can all be done patiently, positively and passively through Rewarding Behaviour.

I don't worry about my gifts, hoes should. However, to cheat time and maximise return, I employ some additional logic. I have already described Firing, used if a hoe goes one step further and tries to get *me* to do something, or breaches her Contract. Now I will set out some other methods for you.

I let hoes know my desires so that they can fulfil them. Improvements in Behaviour are implied by references to items I want, and what other hoes do for me. Hoes recognise their stable mate's realisation of their own Wants and duplicate their actions to obtain equal results. The hoe must request this information. But that is not a problem since a hoe's insecurity (Vanity) will compel her to enquire if my recent holiday or night in watching movies with a take-away was in female company, where I got my new fragrance or what I got for my birthday.

Holidays, breaks and dates even to the most discerning venues are not difficult because they form part of a hoe's Want List. Only after earning a handful of Stars does a Low Clout hoe earn the privilege to enter my house or a High Clouter take me on a holiday. A hoe selfishly Wants my company for prolonged periods of time, and both my and the venue's luxury and exclusivity are alluring. A Low Clout hoe must take me out a few times before we establish gifts and expenditure as a reason to develop home visits. She has to look for an excuse. Typically the hoe will get into the routine of calling me when she has something for me. I'll say she can bring it over. I might let her visit me and explore new rooms because she's getting me furnishings for them. As you can imagine, getting bedroom accessories isn't *difficult*.

Now we shall look at gifts and money. They are forthcoming once a hoe is obtaining my company and is seeking ways to impress and progress with me. Hoes don't

give waddage or presents out of sympathy. Hoes give to receive. They aren't going to part with any waddage unless they believe they're buying something with it. Hoes try to buy me, buy the Balance Of Power and their Wants List, but when they don't receive what they expect, they start to appreciate the smallest glimmer of progress. Perhaps people who spend regularly on the lottery are in a similar mindset. They're thinking, "What would I do if..." They are paying for the possibility to win. "I have a tiny chance of winning if I enter. But if I don't enter I have no chance." The thrill of participating anaesthetises them to the statistics. They get a rush when they win a few pounds. Symps give themselves. Hoes sell themselves. Pimps receive offerings.

I stress that I never ask a hoe for anything unless I have Absolute Power, am prompted to, or if I'm declining an offer by giving an alternative suggestion. Hoes will offer. Hoes will buy. Opportunities will crop up in everyday conversation to Package my needs to a hoe, so she knows *what* she should put on her shopping list. Once I am familiar with a hoe, I can Engineer our chat to link to any topic. It is worth noting what key words triggered previous discussion of my desired topic. I'm always looking for indirect, apparently unrelated "mind triggers" to Engineer with.

Items I have mentioned I want or will get myself in passing conversation, or look at in shops seem to materialise. When we have discussed the weather I may have mentioned leather gloves. Favourite food I have been asked about is served at the next hotel. Clothes I've hinted about appear. Concert tickets. If a hoe is inclined to be generous, she will pick up on the slightest vibe. It's inconceivable that a woman around me wouldn't be motivated to.

One method of introducing gifts as part of a hoe's routine is to ask her not to get me something, but to fetch something for me. With a Low Clouter, I'd tell her "On your way over, stop at the [any store] - I need some [any items from a DVD to a takeaway or groceries, to my dry cleaning]." Something that I would buy anyway. If she quibbles, I can say we'll have to cancel her visit because I'll need to go out, or Fire-blast her on the phone - after all, I'm being hospitable to her; it's the least she can do.

When she arrives and hands over the goodies, I give her a tiny Reward for fetching. If she tries to hand me the receipt, I give her a "foxtrot oscar" look. If she asks me to, I pay her. She's saved me a trip, I still win. I can repeat the exercise and perhaps in future she'll start giving. If she doesn't comment about the bill, I wait for a length of time to elapse, and create a psychologically Powerful situation, perhaps hand her a drink, or tell her to help herself, as I say, "That was sweet of you to bring me the shopping. Were you wanting money for it?" If she tells me not to mind - bam! I Reward her. After a repetition I'll dump the "I offer to pay and she declines" routine. I'll just receive and Reward. I wouldn't offer at all if I had Absolute Power.

^~ It is possible that the first time a hoe mentions purchasing me something material will be at a traditional gift giving time. I want a woman to be sweet with me *all* year round, so when a hoe mentions my present prior to my birthday or Christmas, I transform this annual event into a three hundred and sixty-five day a year open season with a few Packaged sentences. "I'd rather you didn't buy me anything for my birthday because society tells you to, and just gave me something when you *feel*

you want to. I'd rather you get me something because you're caring, and your thoughts were behind it, not because of a number on a calendar. You say you want to because you want to show I mean something to you. Well it will mean more to me because of your thoughtfulness." Done!

This brings us to the rule that I never reject any present or payment on any day of the year. Not because of the quantity, the cost, my wants, or to prat. Not for any reason. You may be wondering why this varies from my Invite rejection principle? Seeing me is a necessity to her (*1). A hoe can't deal with me unless she takes me out; nothing is as critical to her as this. But with gifts - it would be foolish to reject and destabilise what is in principle good Behaviour. The most important issue is that of her being in the frame of mind to *spend* on me. That is a prerequisite to the issue of *what* she gets me. So when asked if I'd like a snack in the office, although I have something in my draw, I seize the opportunity to give a hoe positive feedback. I like a hoe to exclusively buy me items I want. So if she buys me items I don't like, Packaging will address it. I accept the gift, Reward to enforce her generosity, and communicate to her positively at a different time that she is acting well and that she should show me her feelings by getting me something I *really* want in future.

A similar diversion is also used in order to facilitate the transition from gifts to payments. It is only logical to receive financial contributions towards items that are beyond the hoe's Potential. Otherwise she can save me the time and effort of shopping with her money.

A vehicle, property, furnishings and jewellery are among the most common sponsored purchases due to their values. I could educate a hoe, ^UI know you can't afford what I want, but your gesture is what counts. The thought. I wouldn't be offended. Giving me something towards what I really want would mean much more than you getting me a surprise or something I just like." Some hoes hand me something on a platter for me to make them prove. They tell me they would buy me an apartment if they had the money, et cetera et cetera. I'll be like; "Well that sounds nice. I know you can't afford such things. That you say you feel that way is flattering, but I think if you really felt that way it would show through what you *can* do. You wouldn't need to tell me, I'd know."

Regular payments can develop from a one-off contribution to an item as a result of Rewarding Behaviour and Packaging. Making a hoe save up for a prolonged period of time is not effective. I concentrate on encouraging smaller multiple payments. Once established, I focus on enlarging the instalments.

I try to ensure that all payments and gifts are handed to me in person where possible. Electronic payments are very hard to Bridge and Reward. Posted cheques and gifts are also difficult to deal with without violating my principles. In these cases a phone call or correspondence from me to her would be required - and I'm not au fait with making outgoing calls. I don't store my hoe's numbers for any other reason than to identify text messages.

Secondary credit and charge cards are welcome if offered, but I would rather suggest I be taken on shopping trips. Once a month, when she mentions the bill has come, I Reward her. Or around the time I think it is, I might Engineer the topic and Reward her. My policy is to be sensible and respectful of my hoe's generosity. I bear in mind her Potential. Again: Moderate

and regular is my ethos. I use secondary cards for everyday expenses that I'd have incurred anyway. Food, petrol, toiletries, music and books, not luxuries. A hoe should never possess any influence and Power over my life. I mustn't dependent on her. So, for instance, I never accept temporary use of a vehicle. If the hoe has a vehicle or money to spare, then I don't borrow or loan it. I get it. She would have to put it in my name. I say "It would feel improper to be driving someone else's car. I never go into debt. I wouldn't feel independent. I would like to be able to think of anything I have as mine." If asked to contribute towards a card bill, I'd spit "Drive me to the nearest ATM. It's worth three hundred pounds to me to know about your true nature. It'll be money well spent. Better than spending any more of my time on you." I've got more lines than British Telecom for these hoes.

Everything a hoe does for me is fuelled by her desire to reverse the Balance Of Power. The need for me to Choose her more. To steal the ball and run things on her terms.

By now she will have come to terms with the fact that she can only strengthen our relationship via what she does for me. So there will be occasions when she'll try to use her "ace" to attempt to "Power Bait." A high Potential hoe could be dangling a very juicy lucrative offer in front of me, hoping that the sight of it throws me off guard. It may smell irresistible. It may be delicious. But the hook planted deep in it will snare me if I snatch the bait like a symp. She'll try to negotiate what she can get, or behave as if she has suddenly bought my life.

What I need to be airtight on is that the hoe disables any trap before I take the bait. Meaning that I only accept an offer if my hoe completely understands in her mind it carries no implications, no effect on my independence, on the Balance Of Power. There is no negotiation, only a spin of the roulette wheel of ecstasy will be granted. There are no strings attached. We all know that a gift by its very nature can't be given in expectation of something in return. Good Karma brings good Karma, but gifts don't have conditions attached. You shouldn't give to receive. It should come from the heart!

Advanced Rewarding

*A whore's scratch ain't never longer than a
Pimp's cold game. Pimp, by Iceberg Slim*

The positive motivation technique I described earlier is the key to forging a neural link between required Behaviour and Reward. However, in time, a hoe will also become intellectually conscious of my consequential system. This presents two undesirable facts. She will grow bored of the predictable routine; my mystique and the intensity and allure of Rewards will diminish. Number two; because the hoe has attained some knowledge, she will be in a better position to test me - it is impossible to control someone you don't understand.

Here is how I maintain all of the above. Shortly after the neural connection has been established, I move to my "Advanced Rewarding" system. Advanced Rewarding will twist a hoe's brain instantly. She'll have to dump everything that was fermenting in her mind. I've just shaken up her Etch-a-Sketch!

Instead of Rewarding Behaviour consistently, I emulate a roulette wheel. Always acknowledging with the Bridge, but randomising Rewards. The jackpot is the former standard Reward. The lower value, higher-odd prizes are a variety of lesser Rewards. The most frequent outcome being a no-win - just the Bridge stimulus. Think about how when we press a wall switch and the light doesn't come on, our conditioning makes us vigorously flick the switch again and again.

If I was a dolphin trainer I would use this system by only holding out a fish for the mammal every tenth time that it jumped. However, to ensure the animal jumped high each and every time, I would also Reward it with fish at random intervals. I would also introduce a variable; a different Reward of equal or lesser value such as new fish, toys, playing or swimming with the dolphin.

Let me show you what this means in practical terms with a typical Behavioural routine I may instil in a Low Clout hoe. Let's say she regularly brings me a DVD and ice cream, she watches it with me. Towards the end of the film she develops some foreplay, then we get Intimate. This can be tightened by allowing her to interrupt the movie to indulge herself. Making the act of watching a new film, that she must supply, and the Reward, paired as one. Advanced Rewarding would affect the routine by occasionally allowing her nothing but the established Bridge. On rarer occasions she can get less Intimate than normal. The old established level of Intimacy would be granted at random. My hoes are unwillingly, but generously, treated to the illusive, exquisite pleasure of the thin line between pleasure and pain over which I am god! Hoes get value for money.

Observe how I'm even more Powerful and in control than ever before. She's lost like the "Blair Project." I've just depolarised her compass! She's deriving more of a thrill than ever from any Reward she can get. I must always be the source of pristine excitement for a hoe, not through sympathy perspiration, but through Pimp intellect.

When a given act is followed closely by a reinforcer, the organism tends to increase the frequency of that act under

the same or similar conditions. *The Behaviour Of Organisms*, by Burrhus Skinner

Bolting

*Sympy aren't aware there are three
billion women on this planet.
Paradise*

A hoe will blow in the wind at anytime. Particularly during the Copping process. The longer I have been hers, the less likely she is to Bolt from the stable. Here's why.

From day one, hoes invest money in me. The more time, effort and especially money they invest in me, the less likely they are to Bolt. Imagine you have invested heavily in a company. Should the share value plummet, you are going nowhere. You're going to look on the bright side, look to the future, instead of abandoning your investment. This is why it's essential to get a hoe to lay down as large a "deposit" as possible to prove her selection of me ASAP.

True Power stems from having principles. Indifference to a hoe accepting me for who I am, or ceasing Choosing me and Bolting. She could even be my last one. My attitude is that I have virtually always got a better woman than the last. Another will turn up. Did you know there are three *billion* women on this planet?

I don't care how much money she makes. I don't care if symps would swim upstream in shit just to glimpse her. No matter how much of a mint she is, or how outrageous her bank balance is, there are a million more of them. If someone doesn't think that, they should get out more often. In fact, the bad thing about having hoes is that they are time-consuming, and that limits my Clout building and my snaring of new prospects. I will never know whom I have missed during the time that I have spent with my women. So if one Bolts, I view it as a welcome opportunity to Copp someone superior. I haven't lost anything but a woman who isn't right for me, is giving me stress and doesn't meet my standards. And I've gained everything that she's done for me whilst she was mine. I can't loose. The Pimp game is airtight. A relationship's success is not measured in time, but in enjoyment. Did you know movies are better when hoes pay! And food tastes that much nicer! And I never disliked a hoe enough to give her back her gifts!

A hoe may Bolt for any reason. She could leave merely as the result of testing me out and getting Fired, trying to flip the Balance Of Power that's twisted her brain around. Because I gave her too much Intimacy too soon. She felt she couldn't compete. I was so hard on her she thought that she stood no chance with me, the novelty of a new symp. It all boils down to her not Choosing me sufficiently. It will just happen. C'est la vie.

The one thing I should care about is learning from my experiences. The times I have advanced and grown fastest were through being struck down by masterful hoes. Like Qbi-1, they may strike me down, but I will become more Powerful than they could possibly imagine. There wasn't a hoe that could test me I couldn't learn a little something from, if I paid attention. I'm not saying that I loose any sleep over it and could have prevented any hoe Bolting. I'm saying if she was a real pro at testing me, I might analyse and utilise her phrases and methods myself, and assess my own Behaviour and strategies. That's how I first got my feet wet in this game.

Incidentally, I should also point out that any aspiring Pimp seeking some tuition should get a hoe to coach him. I don't mean by asking her! I mean, for example, if he's not sure how to rebuff a hoe telling him he should pay on a date, *he needs to order a hoe to take him out*, hold his breath and hit the "record" button in his brain. She's going to dump a lot of useful vocabulary on him.

Hoes will always front and test me from time to time. When she says she's finishing with me, there are no dramatics, it's as simple as that. It's her decision. It's her loss. If she's "unsure" whether she wants to see me, Dr Paradise has an instant cure for her. I cut her off. I tell her that I understand and that it's best we both get on with our lives. I haven't got time for a woman who doesn't know what she wants. See how soon she makes her mind up then.

A hoe wants me to show Emotional Dependency, to symp and try to coax her into staying. Bitches will even express disappointment that I don't break down for them. The majority of hoe's actions are to provoke *reactions*, my reader. Not for the apparent purpose of the *action*. They're basically checking if I've been fronting on them, but I test out under any conditions. Why should they care if I care, if they're going? They're still Choosing, still looking for signs! They're trying for the Balance Of Power.

When a hoe lets me know that she's Bolting, we have nothing more to say except "Bye." I'm polite with her, I give her a nonchalant farewell. I give the vibe that I'm excited that she's making an opportunity for someone superior with what it takes to fill the new vacancy in my stable. If they want to mess around, I seize the opportunity to Fire them. I won't waste any more than a few seconds on it. To do so would give the wrong impression.

The amusing thing is, out of all the hoes I have dealt with, ninety percent of those who Bolt return with their tail between their legs. In fact I love to Fire hoes, because they return so much nicer, with even more respect, more desire and more goodies for me. And it weeds out the time wasters, makes my stable more streamlined. They have had that important question in the back of their brain answered.

I never contact a hoe. This is an unbreakable rule. A hoe will call up within a few minutes, days or even contact me out of the blue, many months later. This month I have had "First Contact" from two hoes that haven't been in touch since last year. When there is a lapse in the fulfilment of their Front needs, hoes refer back to me. They soon discover there's no one on my level out there. The symp money she's probably tapped into will be of petty compensation to her. If and when she decides to bring her ass back, the attitude I take is why should I audition her again? And she should feel it.

Being a 21st Century Fox is about making waddage. A hoe must pay a disciplinary penalty upon her return. This is the ideal time to really make her pull out her purse and invest. Put her money where her mouth is. How subtle I am about these matters depends on the Balance Of Power. I never forgive and forget. Forgiving is telling someone that sorry is good enough. It provides no deterrent and concedes respect and Power. As with any time a hoe steps out of line, I never accept sex or affection as an apology. And talk is cheap. She's doing nothing I want by fucking around, is she?

"I can't disregard bad things, in the same way that I can't dismiss the nice things you do for me. They are both just as

real, and I am sensitive to both. You can't undo what's done, or how you've been with me. It has happened and it was a big turnoff. It was insensitive, hurtful, disrespectful, and I felt disgusted. I have to acknowledge all of your actions. The only way we could move forward is if I was sure that you really would be different with me. If you showed that you genuinely mean what you say and you care that you hurt me. You made me feel bad which showed me you didn't care. You say this wasn't meant. If you make me feel good I'll believe you care."

"You hurt me. I felt disgusted because I had in a sense allowed you close to me and trusted you not to abuse that. I know that I am complex, deep and sensitive, I only want a woman who can appreciate that. And by what you did you showed that you weren't my friend. Now you say all these sweet things to me, yet you never demonstrate this, prove to me, do anything to really show me you care, or that you mean what you say. In a way I'm afraid of seeing you, because I know that if you were nice with me I'd let you be my friend again."

What do I want? The onus is on her to be accepted by me. I make her aware that I'm unsure about her. That I want her if she is right for me, but only she has the answer to that question. I tell her that if she were right for me she wouldn't have Bolted or I wouldn't have had to cut her loose. She needs to prove her conviction to me. Convince me of her words and feelings. That ring is cool. That jacket is cool. Allow her to do something significant to sort things out. Say I don't want to talk on the phone and to call me back if she wants me to meet her to discuss things. Make it hard for her to get an appointment. Perhaps tell her I'm planning to go shopping. It all goes back to her Wants and Rewarding Behaviour. Remember how Star one is my company.

The only place you 'II find sympathy around here is in a dictionary. Right in-between shit and syphilis. Unknown American doctor

The Beginning

The unexamined life is not worth living.
Socrates

I view the conclusion of this book on paper as the beginning of its most important function. The value of this work lies not in its pages, but in your mind.

Be neither a product of my writings or a product of your environment. I encourage you to question all of the information that surrounds you. But do not seek answers externally.

Paradise

Glossary

Big Issue magazine sold by the homeless.

Bolt a hoe splitting. [Paradise]

Cat vagina.

Check to keep in check.

Copp to obtain a hoe.

Firing ultimatum, the rejection of which is the termination of a hoes relationship with a Pimp. [Paradise]

First Contact first communication from a hoe who has Bolted. [Paradise]

Fly fashionable, the height of style, extreme beauty.

Front feigning disinterest or superiority.

G a grand, one thousand.

GP General Practitioner. Doctor.

Gander to look.

Glossy magazine with a gloss cover.

Guinea Pig hoe subject to experimental tactics of a Pimp.

Hoe person who considers material possessions, wealth, status, Clout to be most important. Abbreviation for whore. A person who receives financial gains for sexual reasons. Not gender specific.

ICE in car entertainment.

J R Hartley fishing expert.

JSA Job Seeker's Allowance. Welfare.

Kingsiza huge penis. [Mr Joshua]

Knock copping another Pimp's hoe.

Laws Of Reality truths. [Paradise]

MI5 British security service. Military intelligence.

Mack ability to talk someone into virtually anything, influence them.

Maintenance contact maintained between a hoe and her Pimp between dates. [Paradise]

Minta a woman in mint physical condition, of outstanding physical beauty.

3am Minta a female of average or below physical beauty. Term derived from situation where a symp would only consider a female by default when a club closes because she's his only prospect for sex.

6am Minta guess! [Austin]

Mobe mobile telephone. [Paradise]

Nipper baby, child.

Paradigm underlying theory, approach, philosophy.

Player person who obtains sex and/or financial gain from others by deception. Not gender specific.

Pounds British currency. £1 is at time of printing roughly equivalent to USA \$1.50.

Prat to feign rejection in order to increase desire.

Pussy vagina.

SOP standard operating procedure. Military terminology.

Square person lacking Pimp or street knowledge.

Stable group of hoes belonging to a Pimp.

Symp person who is sympathetic to a hoe.

Symp Day Valentines Day [The Kidd]

Symp-Max-Time Christmas time [Paradise]

Take To Court to initiate contact. To tell a hoe to make further contact. [The Kidd]

Top Performer a hoe that brings considerable wealth to their Pimp. A hoe that is using the full extent of her Potential to pay her Pimp. [Paradise]

Trick person who rewards another financially for sexual reasons. Typically a prostitute's client. Not gender specific.

Tripping extreme excitement.

Twenty-Four-Seven 24 hours a day, 7 days per week.
Two taking without owner's consent. Police terminology.
Wad of notes. Money.

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"Paradise bares his soul & shows his true grit with his debut venture into literature. His brutal honesty & uncompromising principles are truly something for men of the world over to strive for & aspire to. Paradise manages to take the unwavering principles of a traditional Pimp & somehow present them in a way that is easily digestible to the average man who is looking for a better way to deal with today's manipulative women. After this book I don't think the word Pimp will ever be viewed the same way again "Welcome to the next millennium welcome to the world of Space Age Pimping!"

The Kidd - Pimp Network

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